A POWER COMIC

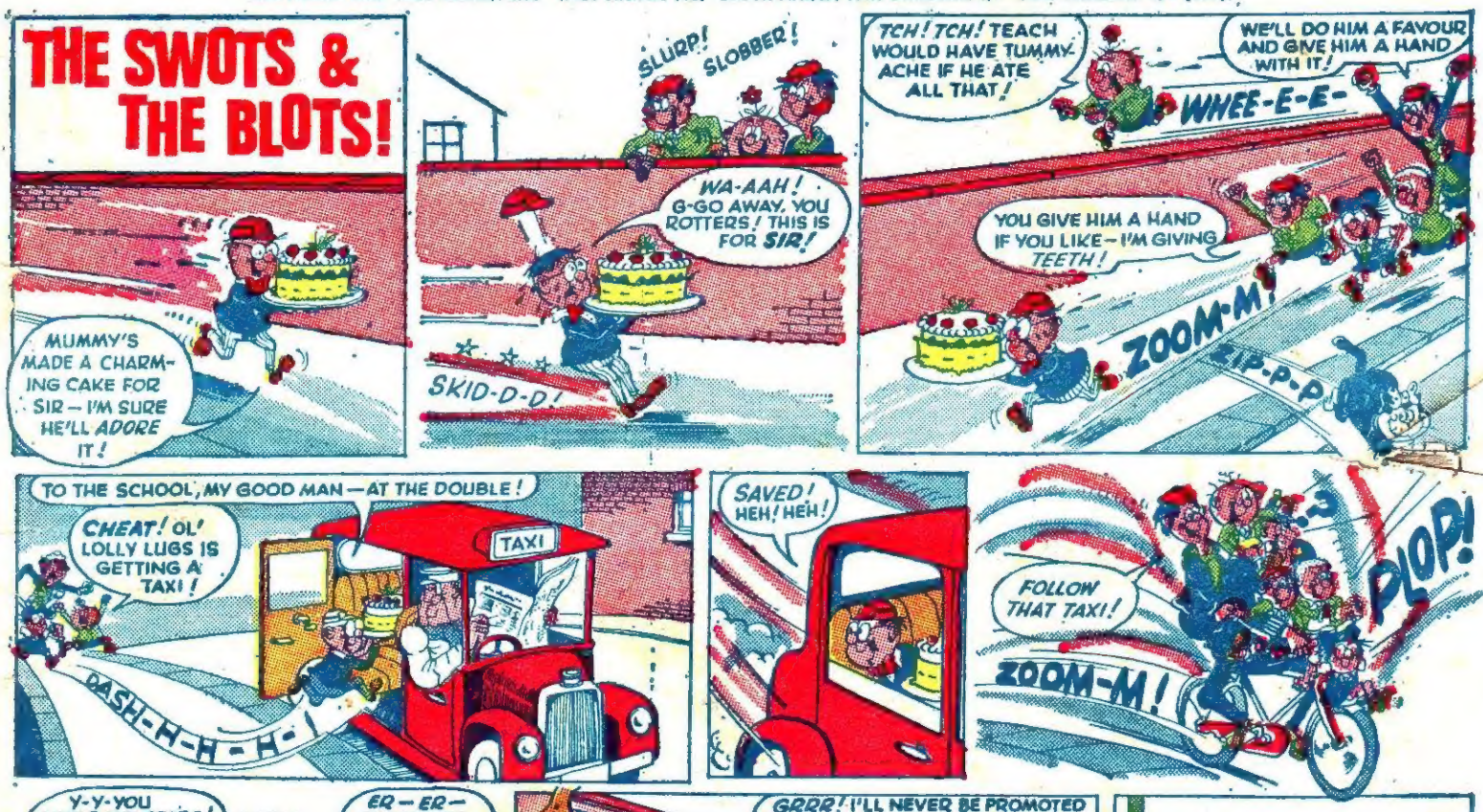
WAY IN TO A WAY OUT COMIC!

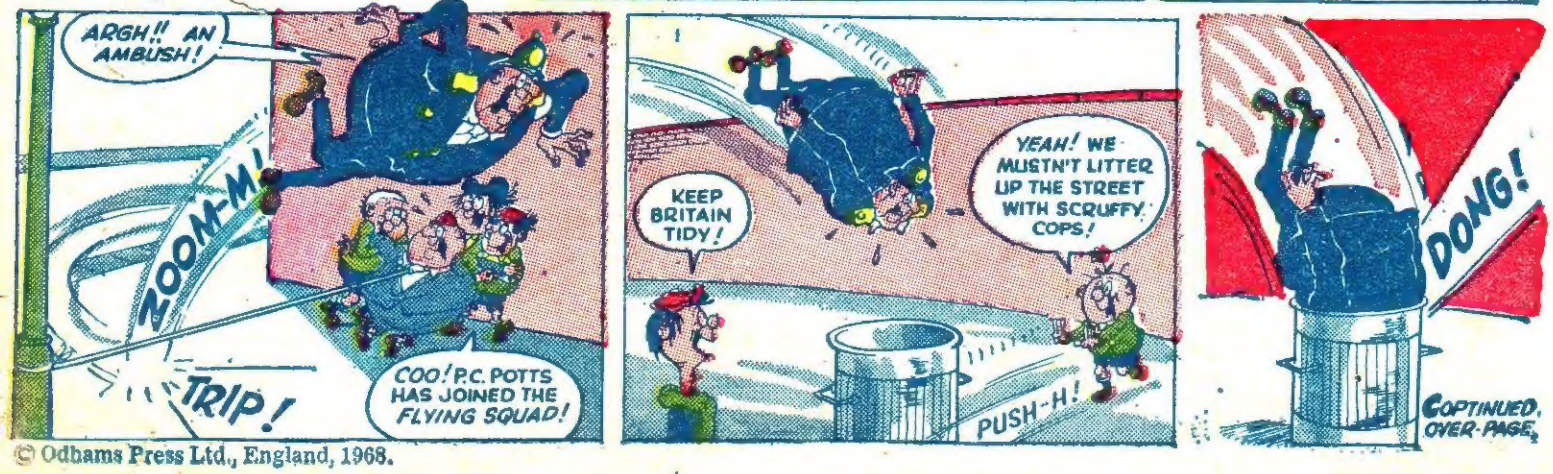
SMASH!

No. 115.
13th APR. 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c.. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.).

THE SWOTS & THE BLOTS!





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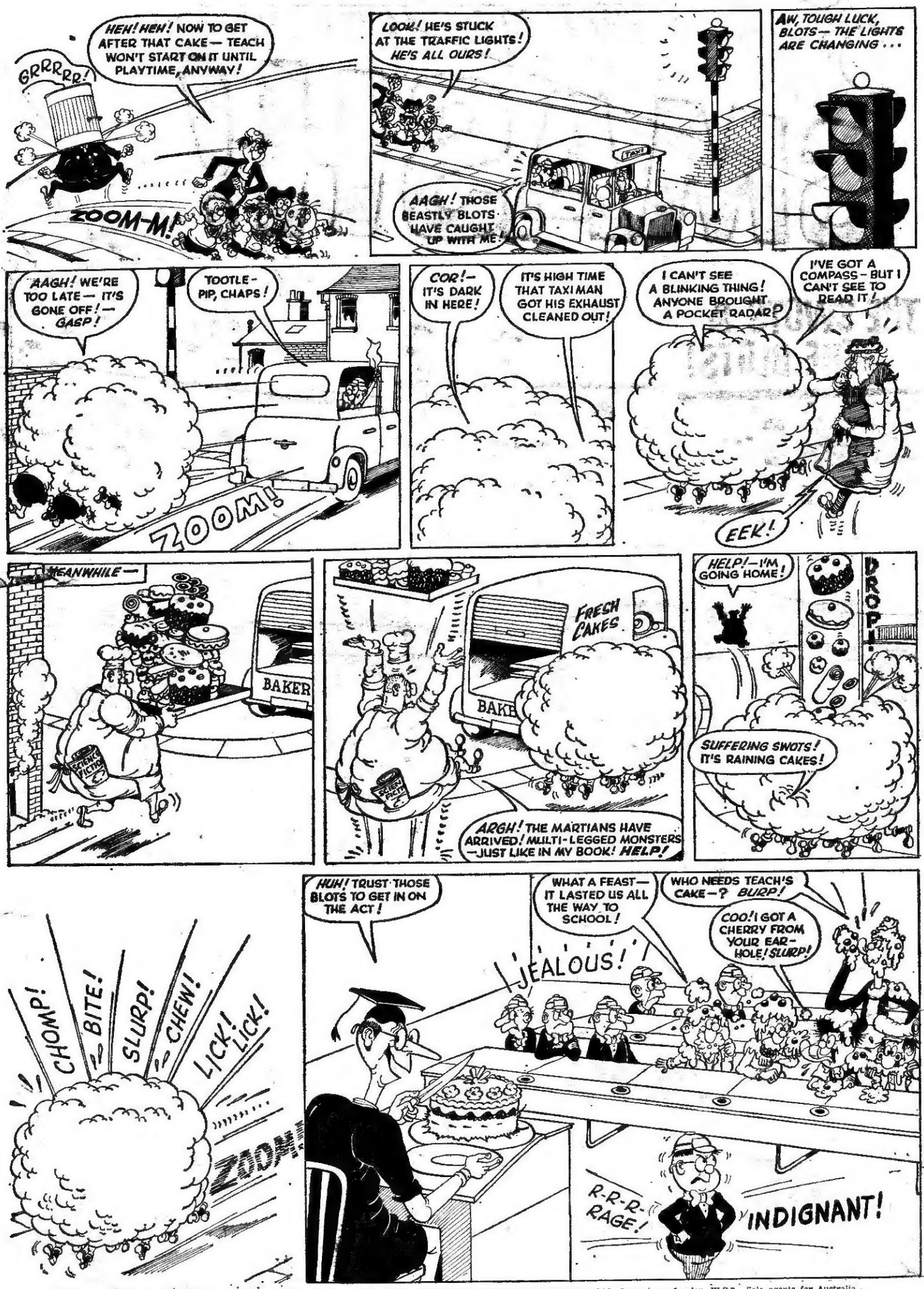

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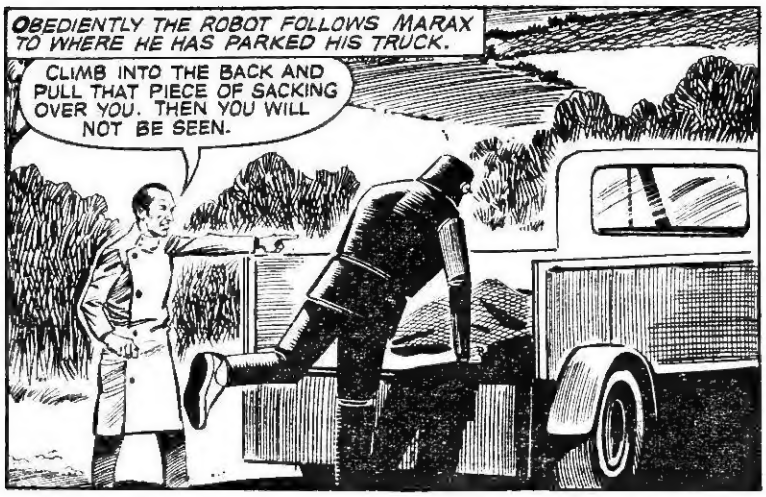
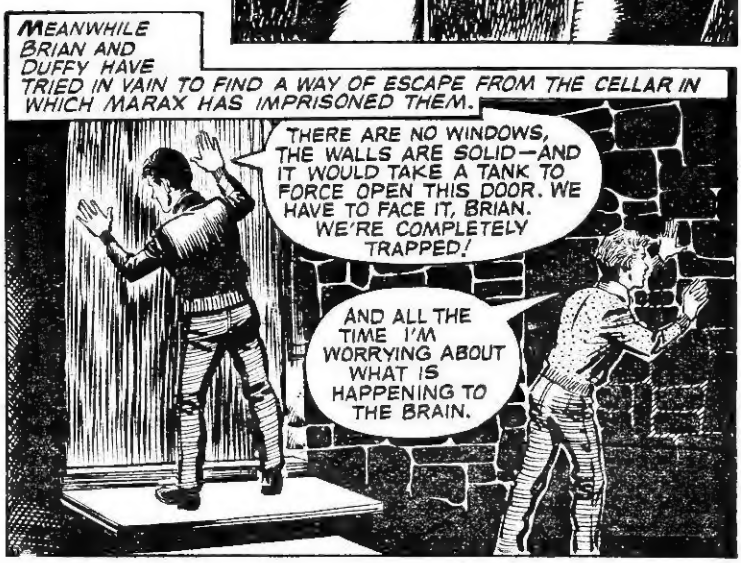
BRIAN'S BRAIN

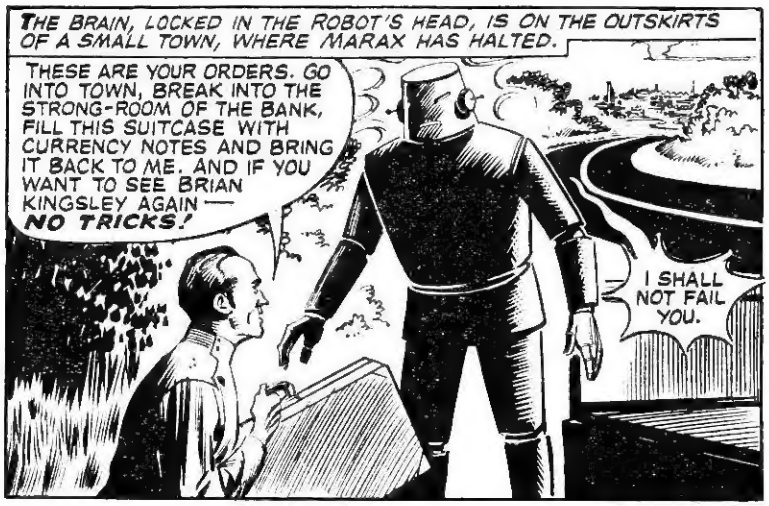
UNLESS YOU DO EXACTLY AS I SAY, BRIAN WILL REMAIN A PRISONER FOR ALL TIME!
YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE. I MUST OBEY YOU.

MARAX RETURNS ONCE MORE TO THE MOTIONLESS ROBOT.
SINCE YOU HAVE DECIDED TO BE SENSIBLE, BRAIN, I SHALL AGAIN LOCK YOU IN THE ROBOT'S HEAD.

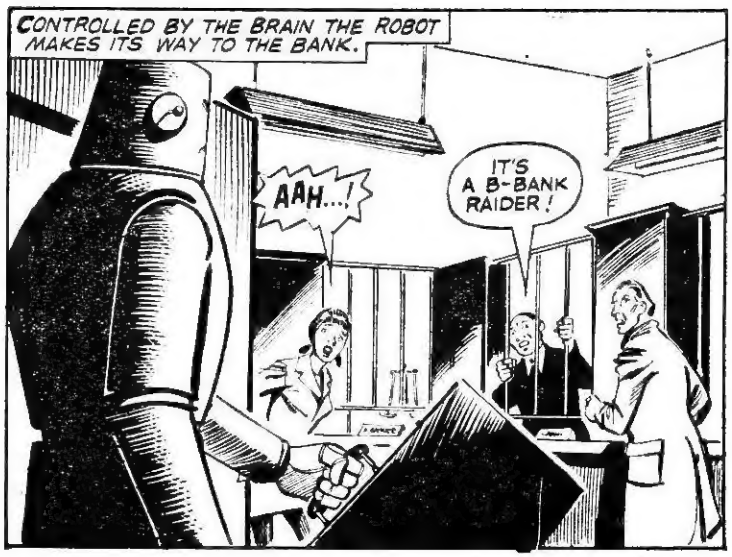
NOW— COME WITH ME!

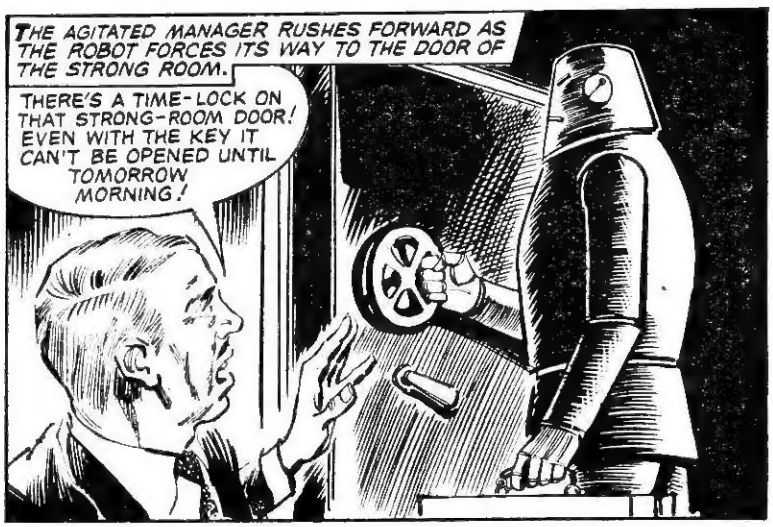

OBEDIENTLY THE ROBOT FOLLOWS MARAX TO WHERE HE HAS PARKED HIS TRUCK.
CLIMB INTO THE BACK AND PULL THAT PIECE OF SACKING OVER YOU. THEN YOU WILL NOT BE SEEN.

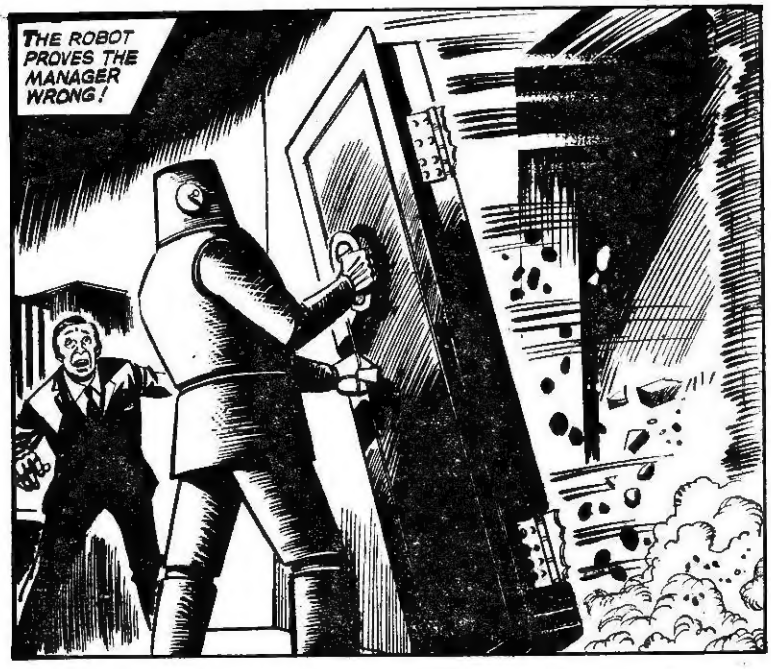

MEANWHILE BRIAN AND DUFFY HAVE TRIED IN VAIN TO FIND A WAY OF ESCAPE FROM THE CELLAR IN WHICH MARAX HAS IMPRISONED THEM.
THERE ARE NO WINDOWS, THE WALLS ARE SOLID—AND IT WOULD TAKE A TANK TO FORCE OPEN THIS DOOR. WE HAVE TO FACE IT, BRIAN. WE'RE COMPLETELY TRAPPED!
AND ALL THE TIME I'M WORRYING ABOUT WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE BRAIN.


THE BRAIN, LOCKED IN THE ROBOT'S HEAD, IS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL TOWN, WHERE MARAX HAS HALTED.
THESE ARE YOUR ORDERS. GO INTO TOWN, BREAK INTO THE STRONG-ROOM OF THE BANK, FILL THIS SUITCASE WITH CURRENCY NOTES AND BRING IT BACK TO ME. AND IF YOU WANT TO SEE BRIAN KINGSLEY AGAIN— NO TRICKS!
I SHALL NOT FAIL YOU.

SOME MINUTES LATER THE SMALL TOWN IS STUNNED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A GIANT METAL FIGURE.
ERS
MEDLAND BANK
H-HELP! WHAT IS IT?


CONTROLLED BY THE BRAIN THE ROBOT MAKES ITS WAY TO THE BANK.
AAH...!
IT'S A B-BANK RAIDER!


THE AGITATED MANAGER RUSHES FORWARD AS THE ROBOT FORCES ITS WAY TO THE DOOR OF THE STRONG ROOM.
THERE'S A TIME-LOCK ON THAT STRONG-ROOM DOOR! EVEN WITH THE KEY IT CAN'T BE OPENED UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING!


THE ROBOT PROVES THE MANAGER WRONG!

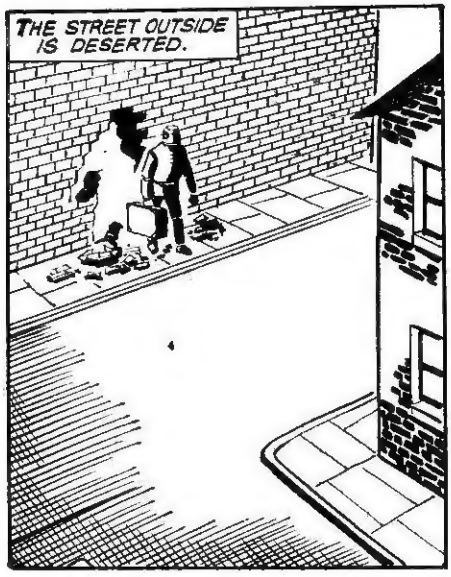
INSIDE THE STRONG-ROOM THE ROBOT BEGINS TO FILL THE SUITCASE WITH MONEY FROM THE SHELVES.

I WAS DUE TO RETIRE NEXT YEAR—AND NOW THIS!
DON'T WORRY, SIR. THE POLICE HAVE BEEN CONTACTED.

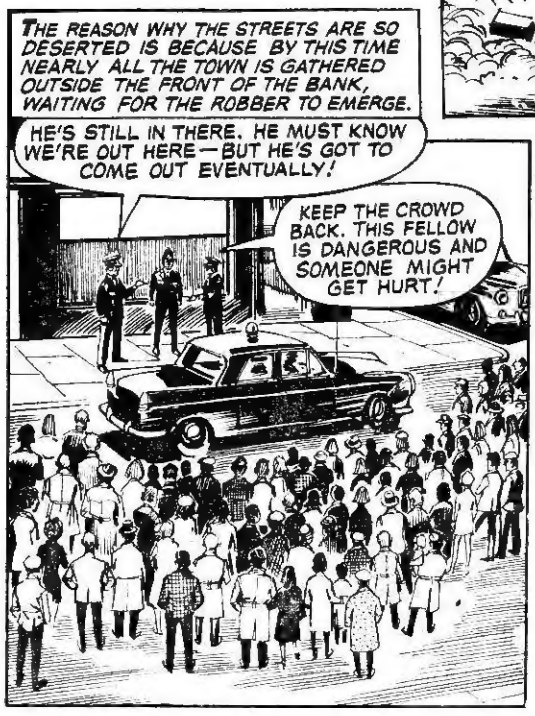
OUTSIDE THE BANK THE ROADWAY IS RAPIDLY FILLING WITH POLICE.
THIS IS THE ONLY ENTRANCE AND EXIT TO THE BANK. THE BANK ROBBER HAS NO CHANCE AT ALL OF GETTING AWAY.
WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT, SIR!
POLICE

INSIDE THE STRONG-ROOM THE ROBOT CLOSES THE CASE WHICH IS NOW CRAMMED WITH MONEY.

HE LEAVES THE BANK BY A DIFFERENT WAY FROM THE WAY HE ENTERED!


THE STREET OUTSIDE IS DESERTED.

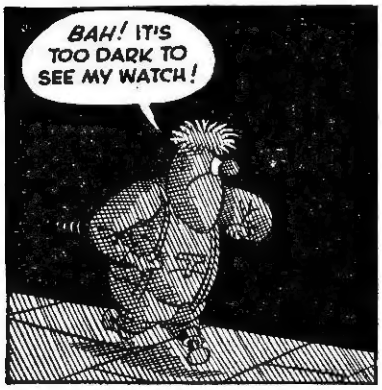
THERE IS NO ONE TO SEE THE TALL METAL FIGURE AS IT STRIDES AWAY THROUGH THE SIDE STREETS.

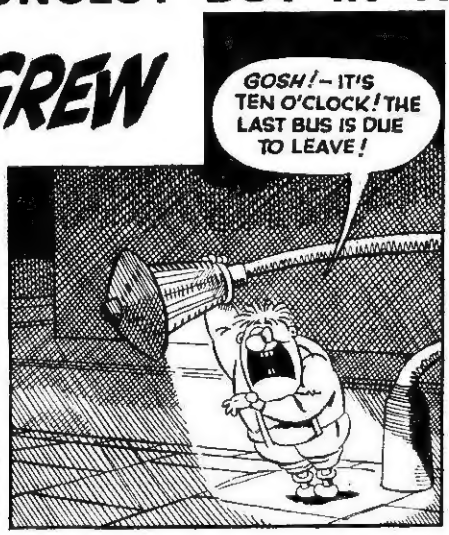

THE REASON WHY THE STREETS ARE SO DESERTED IS BECAUSE BY THIS TIME NEARLY ALL THE TOWN IS GATHERED OUTSIDE THE FRONT OF THE BANK, WAITING FOR THE ROBBER TO EMERGE.
HE'S STILL IN THERE. HE MUST KNOW WE'RE OUT HERE—BUT HE'S GOT TO COME OUT EVENTUALLY!
KEEP THE CROWD BACK. THIS FELLOW IS DANGEROUS AND SOMEONE MIGHT GET HURT!

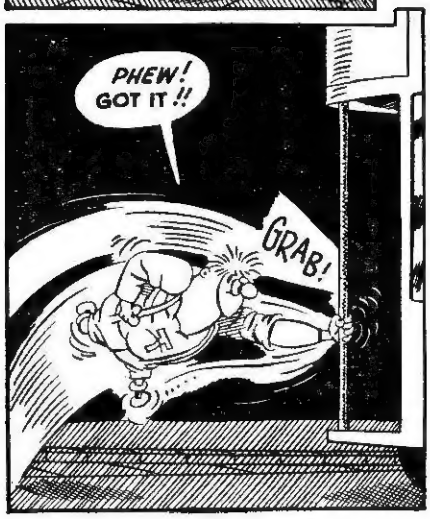
BUT BY THIS TIME THE ROBOT HAS RETURNED TO THE EAGER MARAX.
I'VE COMMITTED A BANK ROBBERY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. AND I DIDN'T HAVE TO RUN ANY RISK TO DO IT!
WELL DONE, BRAIN! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO MAKE A WONDERFUL PARTNERSHIP!
—AND THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ANOTHER STAGGERING CHAPTER OF THE STORY YOU VOTE TOP OF THE PROUD POWER PARADE NEXT WEEK!

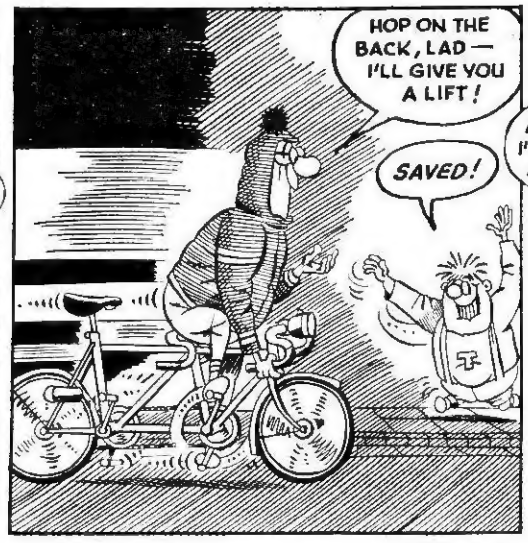
IT'S THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD ...

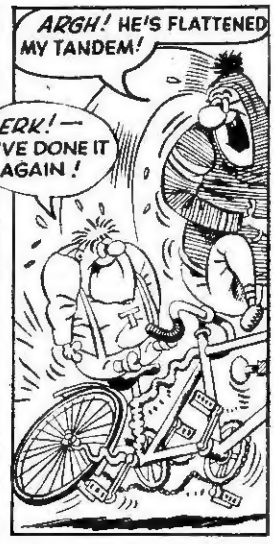
TUFFY McGREW











IT'S DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

"NONE ARE SO BLIND..!"

YOU GUESSED IT! SPIDEY THINKS FOGGY NELSON IS REALLY DAREDEVIL, AND THE ANGRY WEB-SPINNER IS TRYING TO MAKE THE ASTONISHED ATTORNEY CONFESS..!

HE HAS SOMEHOW SENSED THAT THE REAL DAREDEVIL IS IN THIS ROOM! HE KNOWS IT'S NOT A GIRL... AND HE'D NEVER IMAGINE THAT A BLIND MAN COULD BE THE ONE HE SEEKS! SO, NATURALLY HE ASSUMES IT'S POOR FOGGY!

STOP! YOU MUSTN'T! YOU..YOU'LL KILL HIM!

--AND I CAN'T INTERFERE WITHOUT GIVING MYSELF AWAY!

NOT A CHANCE, LADY! I JUST WANT HIM TO ADMIT WHO HE REALLY IS... AND WHY HE'S BEEN ATTACKING ME!

THAT SUDDEN SHIFT OF AIR! SOMEONE AT THE WINDOW! HE'S DANGLING FOGGY OUTSIDE!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

I..I'LL SAY ANYTHING IF IT'LL CALM YOU DOWN!

HOW CAN YOU CRITICIZE HIM? HAVE YOU EVER HAD THE COURAGE TO ADMIT YOUR IDENTITY TO THE WORLD?

MMM! SCORE ONE FOR YOU, LADY!

THANK HEAVEN! HE'S BRINGING HIM BACK INTO THE ROOM... AS I HOPED HE WOULD! I WAS AFRAID I'D HAVE TO GIVE MYSELF AWAY IN ANOTHER FEW SECONDS..!

OKAY... I DON'T WANNA ACT LIKE THE HEAVY IN SOME CHEAP T.V. PLAY!

HE HELD ME WITH ONE HAND... AS IF I WERE A TOY!

HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY THINK HE'S DAREDEVIL? WHY DON'T YOU ACCUSE ME?

EASY, KAREN! SATIRE MAY BE WASTED ON HIM!

AT EASE, LAWYER MAN! IN MY NATIVE HABITAT, I CAN SWAP SATIRICAL SALLIES WITH THE BEST OF THEM!

MY SPIDER SENSE TELLS ME THAT HE REALLY IS A BLIND MAN.. SO THE OTHER ONE HAS TO BE MY PIGEON!

AND YET, MAYBE I AM MISTAKEN! HE SURE IS FLABBIER THAN I EXPECTED HIM TO BE!

ALL RIGHT, BUTTERBALL, SO I DIDN'T MAKE YOU CONFESS! BUT, THAT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING! THE CHANCES ARE THE REAL DAREDEVIL WOULDN'T ADMIT HIS IDENTITY NO MATTER WHAT!

BUT, REMEMBER THIS... IF YOU ARE THE CORNY, CRIMSON CLOWN I THINK YOU ARE, I'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU FROM NOW ON... SO WATCH YOUR STEP, HEAR?

WHY DON'T YOU ACCUSE ME OF BEING THE HULK ALSO WHILE YOU'RE AT IT?

NOT A CHANCE! HE'S TOO GOOD-LOOKING FOR YOU!

HEY! WHO'S GOING TO PAY FOR THAT WINDOW YOU BROKE?

I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE CARE OF IT! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CATCH ME FIRST!

FORGET THE WINDOW, FOGGY! WE'RE LUCKY HE'S LEAVING!

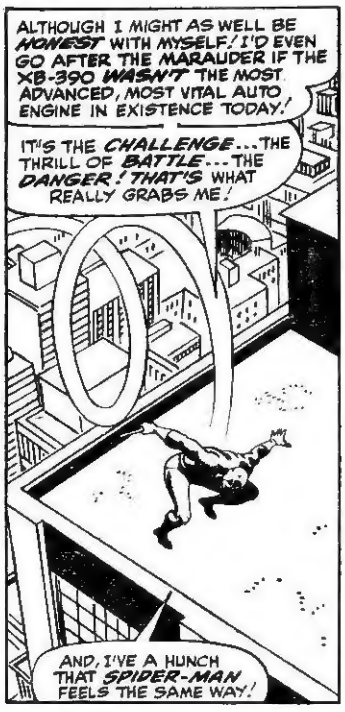
IF HE REALLY IS DAREDEVIL, HE'LL COME AFTER ME AS SOON AS HE CAN!

AND SO WE TAKE OUR LEAVE OF THE OL' WEB-SPINNER... BUT, ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME...!

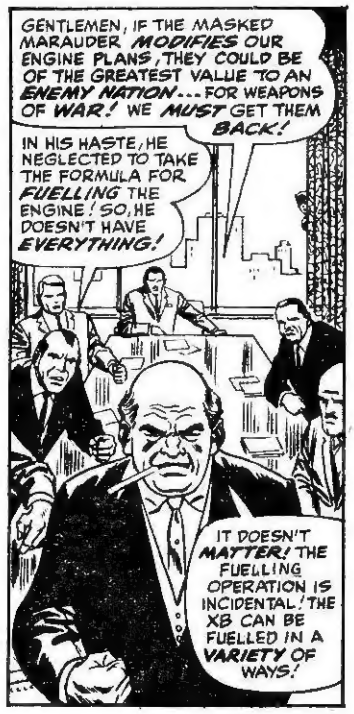
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK HOME NOW, BEFORE AUNT MAY STARTS WORRYING ABOUT ME!

BUT, I'VE A HUNCH I HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF DAREDEVIL... NO MATTER WHO HE IS!

SO I'LL HEAD FOR THERE NOW... THEY MAY HAVE LEFT SOME SORT OF CLUE BEHIND!
THE XB-390 ENGINE PLANS WHICH THEY STOLE MUST BE RECOVERED!

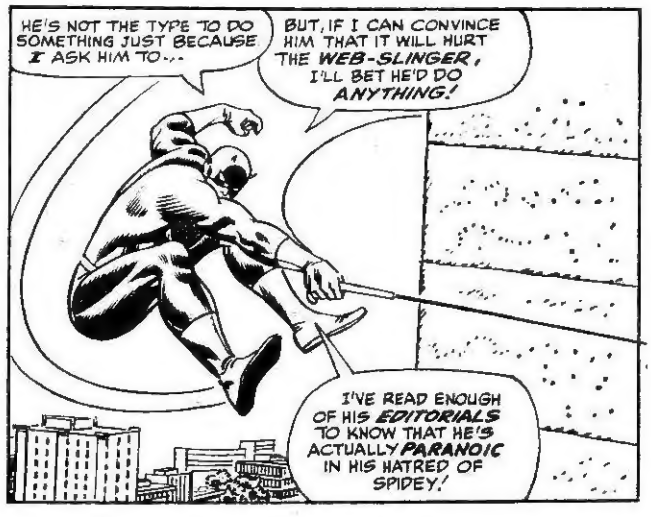

ALTHOUGH I MIGHT AS WELL BE HONEST WITH MYSELF! I'D EVEN GO AFTER THE MARAUDER IF THE XB-390 WASN'T THE MOST ADVANCED, MOST VITAL AUTO ENGINE IN EXISTENCE TODAY!
IT'S THE CHALLENGE... THE THRILL OF BATTLE... THE DANGER! THAT'S WHAT REALLY GRABS ME!
AND, I'VE A HUNCH THAT SPIDER-MAN FEELS THE SAME WAY!

THIS IS THE BUILDING!
SOUNDS LIKE A MEETING IN PROGRESS IN THE EXECUTIVE PENTHOUSE OFFICE! THEY'RE DISCUSSING THE XB-390!
I'D BETTER LISTEN IN!


GENTLEMEN, IF THE MASKED MARAUDER MODIFIES OUR ENGINE PLANS, THEY COULD BE OF THE GREATEST VALUE TO AN ENEMY NATION... FOR WEAPONS OF WAR! WE MUST GET THEM BACK!
IN HIS HASTE, HE NEGLECTED TO TAKE THE FORMULA FOR FUELLING THE ENGINE! SO, HE DOESN'T HAVE EVERYTHING!
IT DOESN'T MATTER! THE FUELLING OPERATION IS INCIDENTAL! THE XB CAN BE FUELLED IN A VARIETY OF WAYS!

IN SHORT, UNLESS WE CATCH THE MARAUDER AND RECOVER THOSE PLANS, OUR NATIONAL DEFENCE WILL BE DANGEROUSLY IMPERILLED!
THE BEST WAY TO CATCH THE MARAUDER IS TO MAKE HIM RETURN HERE... TO LURE HIM INTO A TRAP!
AND THEY'VE JUST GIVEN ME AN IDEA HOW TO DO IT!

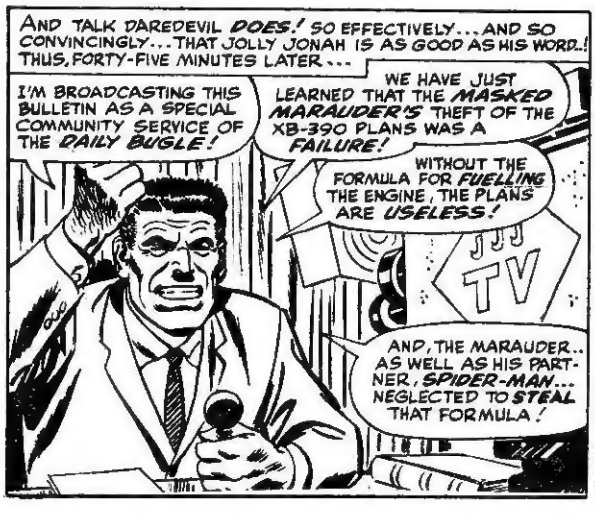
BUT, IN ORDER TO BAIT MY LITTLE TRAP, I'M GOING TO NEED SOME HELP!
AND, SPIDER-MAN'S BITTEREST ENEMY, J. JONAH JAMESON, IS THE ONE MAN WHO CAN SUPPLY IT!


HE'S NOT THE TYPE TO DO SOMETHING JUST BECAUSE I ASK HIM TO...
BUT, IF I CAN CONVINCE HIM THAT IT WILL HURT THE WEB-SLINGER, I'LL BET HE'D DO ANYTHING!
I'VE READ ENOUGH OF HIS EDITORIALS TO KNOW THAT HE'S ACTUALLY PARANOIC IN HIS HATRED OF SPIDEY!

FORGIVE THIS UNORTHODOX ENTRANCE, MR. JAMESON, BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU ON AN URGENT MATTER!
IF EVERYONE WHO WANTED TO SEE ME SWUNG IN THROUGH THAT BLAMED WINDOW, I'D MOVE TO A DUNGEON!
I'M SICK OF ALL YOU COSTUMED NUTS! WHAT IN BLAZES DO YOU WANT?

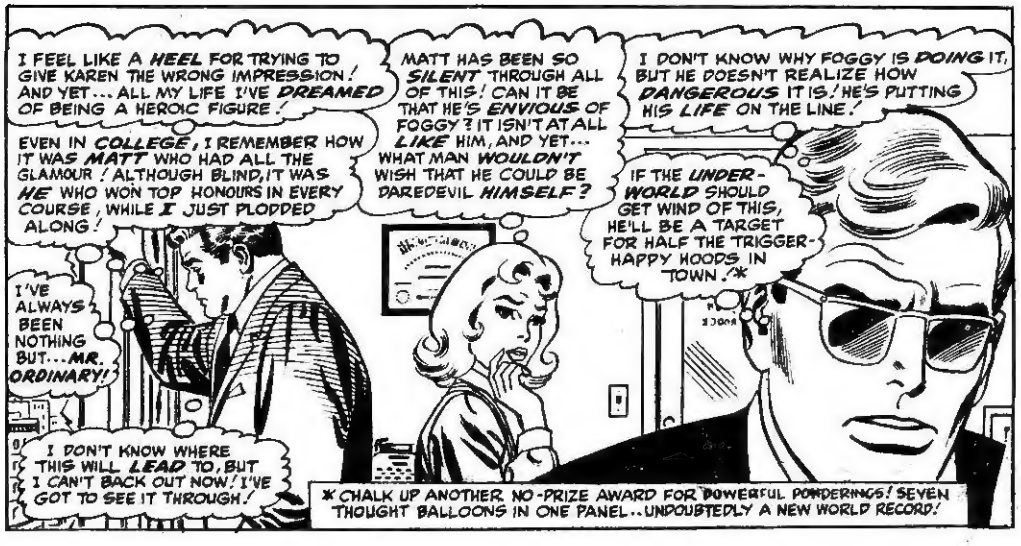
YOUR PAPER'S BEEN CLAIMING THAT SPIDER-MAN AND THE MARAUDER ARE WORKING TOGETHER, RIGHT?
YEAH! YEAH! GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS! SO WHAT?
SO I CAN TELL YOU HOW TO TRAP THE TWO OF THEM... THAT'S WHAT!
YOU CAN? HOW?

YOU'VE GOT TO PRINT A HEADLINE STORY IN YOUR PAPER! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO SAY...!
IF THIS ISN'T A CON, I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT! I'LL BUY T.V. TIME AND GO ON THE AIR WITHIN AN HOUR! SO START TALKING!


AND TALK DAREDEVIL DOES! SO EFFECTIVELY... AND SO CONVINCINGLY... THAT JOLLY JONAH IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD! THUS, FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER...
I'M BROADCASTING THIS BULLETIN AS A SPECIAL COMMUNITY SERVICE OF THE DAILY BUGLE!
WE HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT THE MASKED MARAUDER'S THEFT OF THE XB-390 PLANS WAS A FAILURE!
WITHOUT THE FORMULA FOR FUELLING THE ENGINE, THE PLANS ARE USELESS!
TV
AND, THE MARAUDER.. AS WELL AS HIS PARTNER, SPIDER-MAN... NEGLECTED TO STEAL THAT FORMULA!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN A MODEST LITTLE TWO-STOREY HOME IN FOREST HILLS...
J.J. IS STILL RUNNING TRUE TO FORM! NOW HE'S ACCUSING ME OVER THE AIR OF BEING IN CAHOOTS WITH THE MASKED MARAUDER!
IT'S A GOOD THING I WASN'T IN ROME WHEN IT BURNED! HE'D SAY THAT I'M THE ONE WHO GAVE NERO A MATCH!
ALTHOUGH I CANNOT YET PROVE THAT SPIDER-MAN IS THE BRAINS BEHIND THE MASKED MARAUDER, I DEFY ANYBODY TO DISPROVE IT!
I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! WHAT'S TO STOP THE MARAUDER FROM GOING BACK FOR THOSE PLANS?? JAMESON SHOULD HAVE KEPT HIS FLAPPING MOUTH SHUT!

WHILE, BACK AT THE LAW OFFICE OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...
I'M SORRY I WASN'T ABLE TO DO ANYTHING TO HELP...!
DON'T BE SILLY, MATT! WHAT COULD YOU...OR ANYONE... HAVE DONE AGAINST SPIDER-MAN?
THE TONE OF VOICE SHE USES WHEN SHE SAYS SPIDER-MAN... IF ONLY I COULD HEAR HER MENTION MY NAME WITH SUCH AWE!
AND YET... PERHAPS I CAN!
PERHAPS FATE HAS ACCIDENTALLY GIVEN ME THE MEANS TO MAKE KAREN THINK OF ME AS A HERO.. AS SOMEONE TO ADMIRE...TO LOOK UP TO!
THEY SAY ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR! WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS CHANCE?!
OH, FOGGY...I WAS SO WORRIED FOR YOU...!
WORRIED? WHY? SURELY YOU DON'T THINK SPIDER-MAN COULD HAVE BEATEN DAREDEVIL?
BUT, FOGGY! HE WASN'T THREATENING THE REAL DAREDEVIL! HE WAS THREATENING YOU!
OR..OR CAN IT BE...I NEVER EVEN THOUGHT...!
LET'S NOT DISCUSS IT ANY LONGER, KAREN! IT'S BETTER THAT WAY!
THERE! I'VE PLANTED THE FIRST SEED IN HER MIND!
THE SILLY SON-OF-A-GUN! HE'S TRYING TO MAKE US THINK HE IS DAREDEVIL!
I CAN REMEMBER ..IN THE PAST...WHEN I SAW DAREDEVIL AND FOGGY AT THE SAME TIME! BUT FOGGY MIGHT HAVE HIRED SOMEONE ELSE TO WEAR A RED COSTUME, TO THROW US OFF THE TRACK!
NO MATTER WHO DAREDEVIL IS, HE'S PROBABLY SOMEONE WE'D NEVER SUSPECT! SO...WHY COULDN'T IT BE...FOGGY?


I FEEL LIKE A HEEL FOR TRYING TO GIVE KAREN THE WRONG IMPRESSION! AND YET...ALL MY LIFE I'VE DREAMED OF BEING A HEROIC FIGURE!
EVEN IN COLLEGE, I REMEMBER HOW IT WAS MATT WHO HAD ALL THE GLAMOUR! ALTHOUGH BLIND, IT WAS HE WHO WON TOP HONOURS IN EVERY COURSE, WHILE I JUST PLODDED ALONG!
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN NOTHING BUT...MR. ORDINARY!
MATT HAS BEEN SO SILENT THROUGH ALL OF THIS! CAN IT BE THAT HE'S ENVIOUS OF FOGGY? IT ISN'T AT ALL LIKE HIM, AND YET... WHAT MAN WOULDN'T WISH THAT HE COULD BE DAREDEVIL HIMSELF?
I DON'T KNOW WHY FOGGY IS DOING IT, BUT HE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW DANGEROUS IT IS! HE'S PUTTING HIS LIFE ON THE LINE!
IF THE UNDER-WORLD SHOULD GET WIND OF THIS, HE'LL BE A TARGET FOR HALF THE TRIGGER-HAPPY HOODS IN TOWN!*
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS WILL LEAD TO, BUT I CAN'T BACK OUT NOW! I'VE GOT TO SEE IT THROUGH!
* CHALK UP ANOTHER NO-PRIZE AWARD FOR POWERFUL PONDERINGS! SEVEN THOUGHT BALLOONS IN ONE PANEL..UNDOUBTEDLY A NEW WORLD RECORD!

MAY I GIVE EITHER OF YOU A LIFT?
I'M GOING TO STAY A WHILE AND FINISH SOME REPORTS!
YOU CAN DROP ME OFF, FOGGY! I'LL GET MY COAT!

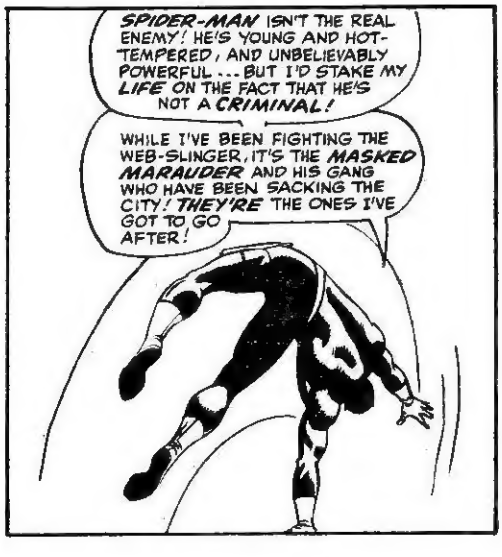
AND, AS FRANKLIN NELSON WAITS FOR KAREN IN THE ANTEROOM...
MATT, WHAT DO YOU THINK? IS IT POSSIBLE? CAN HE REALLY BE DAREDEVIL?
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE, I GUESS! BUT I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE THAT FOGGY IS A COSTUMED ADVENTURER!

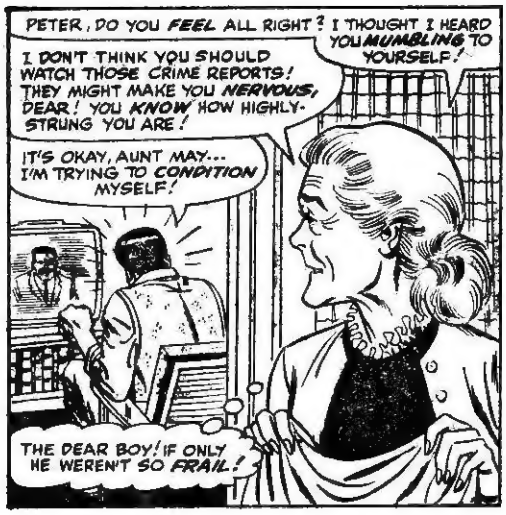
I WAS RIGHT ABOUT POOR MATT! HE IS ENVIOUS OF FOGGY! IF ONLY IT WAS BECAUSE OF ME... BUT I KNOW IT'S ONLY BECAUSE HE HIMSELF WISHES HE COULD BE DAREDEVIL!
IF ONLY HE'D GIVE ME SOME SIGN...THAT HE CARES FOR ME! EVEN THOUGH HE'S BLIND...EVEN THOUGH HE'S JUST A QUIET COURT-ROOM LAWYER...HE'S ALL THE SUPER-HERO MY HEART COULD EVER DESIRE!
GOOD NIGHT, MATT! SEE YOU TOMORROW!
'NIGHT, KAREN!

EXACTLY TWO MINUTES LATER...
THERE'S THE ELEVATOR DOOR, CLOSING BEHIND THEM!
AT LAST I CAN STOP PLAY ACTING!
THE MOST DIFFICULT TASK IN THE WORLD IS ACTING HELP-LESS WHEN I'M MATT MURDOCK...

WHEN EVERY FIBRE OF MY BEING IS ACHING TO GO INTO ACTION...
...AS DAREDEVIL!!

AHH, THE FEEL OF THE WIND STINGING MY FACE...THE COUNTLESS NOISES OF THE CITY BELOW, RINGING IN MY EARS...!
IT'S LIKE A TONIC TO ME! I NEED IT...AS A MAN NEEDS AIR TO BREATHE!


SPIDER-MAN ISN'T THE REAL ENEMY! HE'S YOUNG AND HOT-TEMPERED, AND UNBELIEVABLY POWERFUL...BUT I'D STAKE MY LIFE ON THE FACT THAT HE'S NOT A CRIMINAL!
WHILE I'VE BEEN FIGHTING THE WEB-SLINGER, IT'S THE MASKED MARAUDER AND HIS GANG WHO HAVE BEEN SACKING THE CITY! THEY'RE THE ONES I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER!


PETER, DO YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT? I THOUGHT I HEARD YOU MUMBLING TO YOURSELF!
I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD WATCH THOSE CRIME REPORTS! THEY MIGHT MAKE YOU NERVOUS, DEAR! YOU KNOW HOW HIGHLY-STRUNG YOU ARE!
IT'S OKAY, AUNT MAY... I'M TRYING TO CONDITION MYSELF!
THE DEAR BOY! IF ONLY HE WEREN'T SO FRAIL!

NOW I'LL HAVE TO GO OUT TONIGHT! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LEAVE THE WORLD MOTORS CENTRE UNGUARDED FOR A MINUTE!
AND IF DAREDEVIL SHOWS UP, IT COULD MEAN THAT HE'S THE ONE WHO'S IN LEAGUE WITH THE MARAUDER!

NOW LET US SWITCH TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MARAUDER HIMSELF...
REMEMBER, ANYONE HAVING PROOF THAT SPIDER-MAN IS CONNECTED WITH THE XB-390 THEFT MUST BRING IT TO THE DAILY BUGLE TO CLAIM THE REWARD I'M OFFERING!
SO! I NEGLECTED TO STEAL A VITAL PART OF THE NEW ENGINE'S PLANS, EH?
HOW OBLIGING OF THAT LOUD-MOUTHED FOOL TO LET ME KNOW!

ASSEMBLE THE MEN! WE WILL STRIKE TOMORROW NIGHT!
THEY'LL NEVER EXPECT US TO DARE ATTACK THE SAME BUILDING SO SOON AGAIN! AND THAT IS WHY WE WILL SUCCEED!

SHALL I PREPARE THE SPECIAL TRUCK AGAIN, BOSS?
OF COURSE NOT, YOU FOOL! THAT WOULD BE WHAT THEY'LL WATCH FOR!
I HAVE A FAR BETTER... A FAR MORE DARING PLAN!

WHILE THE UNCOMPREHENDING PUBLIC WASTES TIME WONDERING WHETHER DAREDEVIL OR SPIDER-MAN IS WORKING WITH US, WE SHALL ACHIEVE OUR GREATEST TRIUMPH!
SOON WE'LL PROVE THAT THE MASKED MARAUDER IS THE MOST BRILLIANT CRIMINAL BRAIN OF ALL TIME!
THRAKK!

BUT, WHAT OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD AT WORLD MOTORS? EVEN THEY HAVE A T.V. SET IN THEIR PLUSH, LUXURIOUS CONFERENCE ROOM...
THIS HAS BEEN ANOTHER SPECIAL BROADCAST, PRESENTED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY THE DAILY BUGLE, NEW YORK'S MOST CIVIC-MINDED, CRUSADING NEWSPAPER!
THAT BUMBLING, BLITHERING, BIRD-BRAINED INCOMPETENT!! HE'S A WORSE MENACE THAN THE MARAUDER!
DOESN'T HE REALIZE HE'S PRACTICALLY INVITED THE MARAUDER TO ATTACK US AGAIN?!!
IN ORDER TO SELL SOME MORE COPIES OF THAT SENSATION-SEEKING RAG OF HIS, HE'S MADE US A TARGET AGAIN!

DON'T JUST SIT THERE! THE MARAUDER IS PROBABLY PLANNING HIS NEXT STRIKE RIGHT NOW! WE'VE GOT TO REDOUBLE OUR SECURITY MEASURES!
CONTACT THE POLICE... THE NATIONAL GUARD... THE F.B.I.!! I WANT MAXIMUM PROTECTION... AND I WANT IT FAST!
YOU'RE RIGHT, J.W.!
OF COURSE! THAT'S WHY I'M CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD!

AND, ON THE ROOF ABOVE, THE SUPER-SENSITIVE AUDITORY NERVES OF THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR TELL HIM EXACTLY WHAT HE NEEDS TO KNOW...
IT WORKED! NOW TO WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

BUT, ALTHOUGH DAREDEVIL KEEPS THE LONELY VIGIL UNTIL DAWN...
THE MARAUDER ALWAYS STRIKES AT NIGHT... WHICH GIVES US A 12-HOUR BREATHING SPELL!
THEY MUST BE PLANNING AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD OF ATTACK!
SO, I'D BETTER RETURN TO THE OFFICE, BEFORE FOGGY AND KAREN GET TOO CURIOUS ABOUT MY ABSENCE!

I WASN'T ABLE TO GET ANY SLEEP DURING THE NIGHT, BUT I CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW!
I'LL JUST TRY TO TAKE IT EASY DURING THE DAY, BECAUSE I'M POSITIVE THAT THE SHOWDOWN WILL COME THIS EVENING!
NOW TO CHANGE CLOTHES QUICKLY! KAREN WILL BE ARRIVING TO OPEN THE OFFICE SOON!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE LONDON W.C.2.

EVERYBODY LOVES A CLOWN! That's what our wise old feller says! That's what we read and hear, again and again! But now, according to quite a goodly gaggle of letters we've had over the past few weeks, SOME of you true followers out there are beginning to wonder! The "some" being "fans of the funnies" . . . brethren who rave over the HUMOUR stories in SMASH and POW! just as much as the action epics! What they are saying is . . . all the limelight seems to be focused on super-heroes and the like!

You could be right, tigers! Maybe we haven't pealed the praise enough for the laughter lads. But NOT, NOT, NOT because we attach less importance to them! For . . . and hear this, O frantic ones! . . . we are as PROUD OF OUR FUNNIES AS WE ARE OF OUR ADVENTURE SAGAS! And praise greater than that we just cannot give!!

For instance, we truly deem the cajoling of MIKE HIGGS into the Power Pen as a downright STRAIGHT SCOOP over other comics producers. We knew his "CLOAK" would be popular! . . . but even we were surprised (and smug about it, too) to see it move so quickly into a chart-zooming hit! Believe us, any time Mike can find time enough away from the drawing-board to pay the garret a visit we'll lay out the red carpet for him (except that we don't have any! Carpets, that is!).

Same goes for KOOKIE KEN REID, peerless perpetrator of that preposterously playful page-piece DARE-A-DAY-DAVY! In our book Ken's one of the all-time *greats* in the humour-art biz! And a master of farcical *prose*, to boot! A letter from Ken to us is not just a piece of communication . . . it's an EVENT!

The SWOTS AND BLOTS, currently arted by MIKE BROWN, has so many SMASH readers on tiptoe that CASANOVA COS has decided it's just *got* to be a "front page story"! So that's where the inimitable infants are going to stay for as long as YOU want them, right there on the front page of SMASH!

Running neck and neck in the SMASH popularity stakes is BAD PENNY! Our gigglesome gal's been arted by several drawing-boarders, including AMIABLE ARTIE JACKSON, one of the nicest guys in the profesh . . . and who forsook, forsooth, a career as political cartoonist in the *Daily Express* and *Daily Sketch* for the more whimsical world of Power!

These and others all rate high on our illustrious list of talented ones dedicated to keep you frantic ones smilin'. Together with WONDERMAN WALT THORBURN (surely one of the most prolific humour WRITERS going!) they add up to a team of guys we're proud to know and prouder still to publish!

So let's get the record straight. We garreteers kid ourselves not! Limelight or no, we KNOW our laughter lads and their products are IMPORTANT TO US . . . and IMPORTANT TO YOU! 'Cos, just like our wise old feller tells us . . .

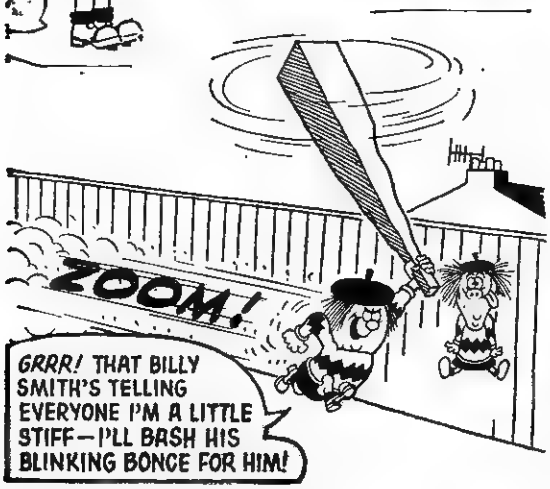
. . . Doesn't ALL THE WORLD LOVE A CLOWN?!!

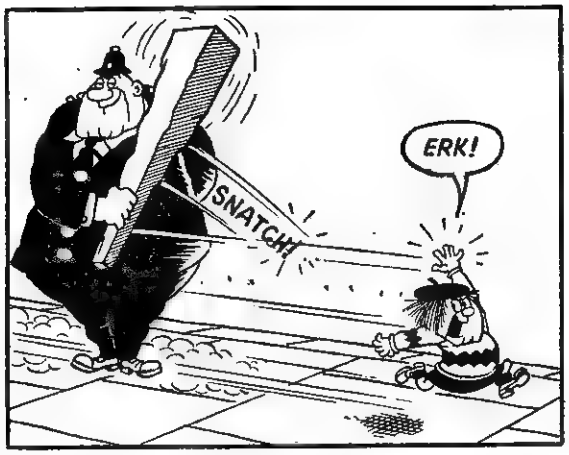
MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Simon Cotgrove, Horsham, Sussex; Kevin Melbourne, South Harrow, Middlesex; Paul Wray, Garden Village, Hull; Gareth Green, Cardiff, Wales; Paul Smith, Fulham, London, S.W.6; Sally Smith, Norwich, Norfolk; Helen Cox, Trumpington, Cambridge; Jonathan Davidson, Southport, Lancs.; David Gayler, Broadstairs, Kent; Rosemary Ann Connor, Canterbury, Kent; Colette Buckoke, Saskatchewan, Canada; Paul Newman, Hinckley, Leics.; Simon Carlton, Harrogate, Yorkshire; Simon Stevenson, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; David O'Brien, West Bridgford, Nottingham; Andrew Rawson, King's Lynn, Norfolk; John Allen, Selby, Yorkshire; Jonathan Green, Harrogate, Yorkshire; Marcia Strong, Colchester, Essex; Andrew Petch, Driffield, Yorkshire.

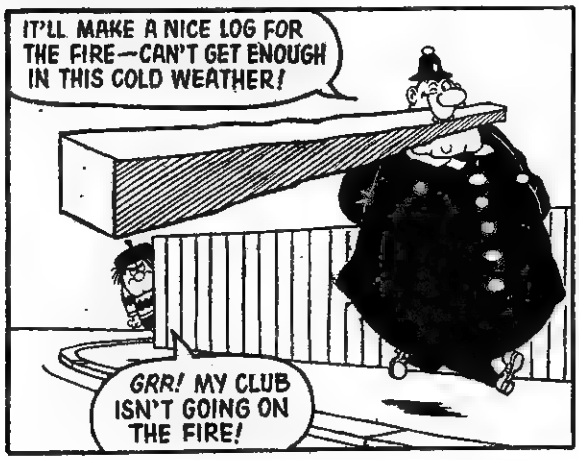
BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1968

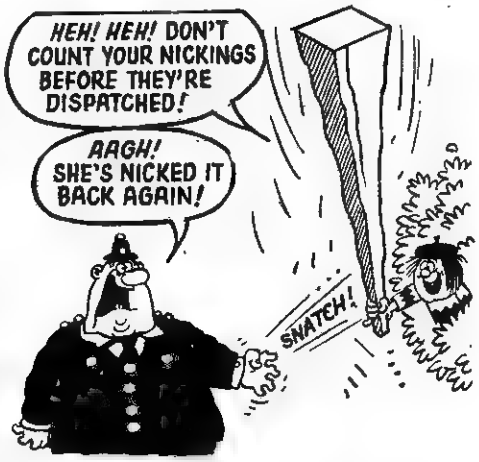

ZOOM!
GRRR! THAT BILLY SMITH'S TELLING EVERYONE I'M A LITTLE STIFF—I'LL BASH HIS BLINKING BONCE FOR HIM!

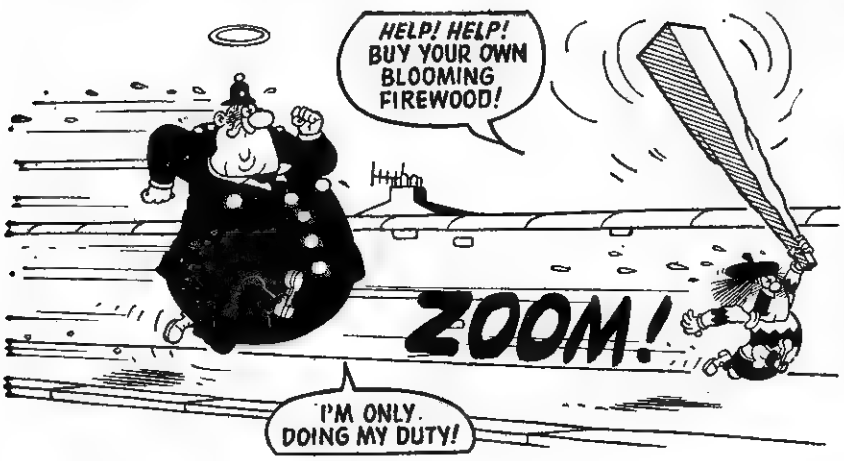

SNATCH!
ERK!

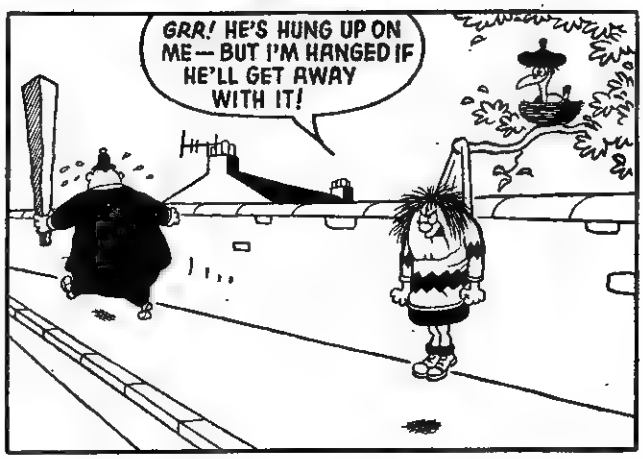
H'MM! MORE THAN SIX INCHES—THAT MEANS IT'S AN OFFENSIVE WEAPON! I'LL HAVE TO CONFISCATE IT!
AAGH! YOU CAN'T! I HAVEN'T CLOBBERED BILLY SMITH YET!
STAMP!


IT'LL MAKE A NICE LOG FOR THE FIRE—CAN'T GET ENOUGH IN THIS COLD WEATHER!
GRR! MY CLUB ISN'T GOING ON THE FIRE!

YOO-HOO! MATILDA! I'VE GOT A NICE LOG FOR YOU!
A BIRD IN THE BUSH!


HEH! HEH! DON'T COUNT YOUR NICKINGS BEFORE THEY'RE DISPATCHED!
AAGH! SHE'S NICKED IT BACK AGAIN!
SNATCH!


HELP! HELP! BUY YOUR OWN BLOOMING FIREWOOD!
ZOOM!
I'M ONLY DOING MY DUTY!


GRR! HE'S HUNG UP ON ME—BUT I'M HANGED IF HE'LL GET AWAY WITH IT!

IT'LL MAKE A NICE BLAZE TO TOAST MY TOOTSIES WHEN I'VE FINISHED MY BEAT!
CLUB FEET! SIGH!

I'LL GET A NICE BLAZE GOING FOR DICK—BIG FEET LIKE HIS FEEL THE COLD!

EEK! SHRIEK!
OH, NO YOU DON'T, MISSUS! THAT'S MINE—IT WAS NICKED!

HEH! HEH! NOW TO GET BILLY SMITH— THE DIABOLICAL DUO ARE TOGETHER AGAIN!

THAT LITTLE MONSTER IS GOING NOWHERE— SHE'LL STAY THERE UNTIL DICK GETS HOME!
AAGH! I'M STRANDED! SHE'S NICKING TOO NOW—SHE'S NICKED THE LADDER!

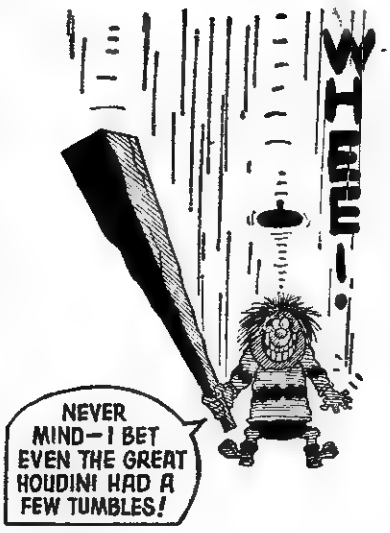
GRR! I'M NOT BEATEN YET—ANYTHING HOUDINI CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER!

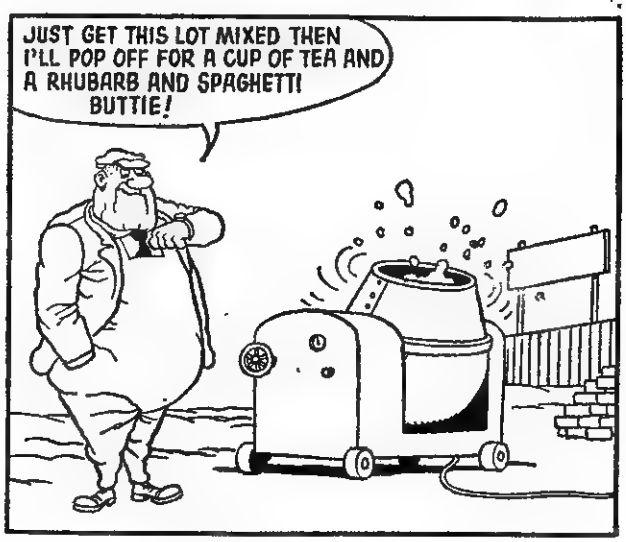
I RECKON I MIGHT JUST GO OVER THE NIAGARA FALLS IN A BARREL NEXT WEEK!—

—OR JUMP INTO THE THAMES TIED UP IN CHAINS AND PADLOCKS AND THINGS! COME AND SEE THE FABULOUS PENNINI!

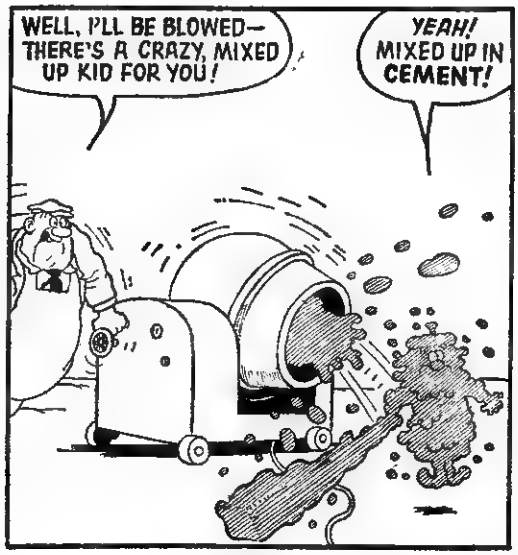
AND THERE AGAIN—I MIGHT WALK FROM NEW YORK TO MOSCOW ON THAT HOT LINE THEY'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT!—
—I COULD ALWAYS WEAR ASBESTOS SHOES!

UH? THE WIRE! IT'S NOT THERE ANY MORE!
COO! WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD NEVER NOTICE!!


WHEE!
NEVER MIND—I BET EVEN THE GREAT HOUDINI HAD A FEW TUMBLES!

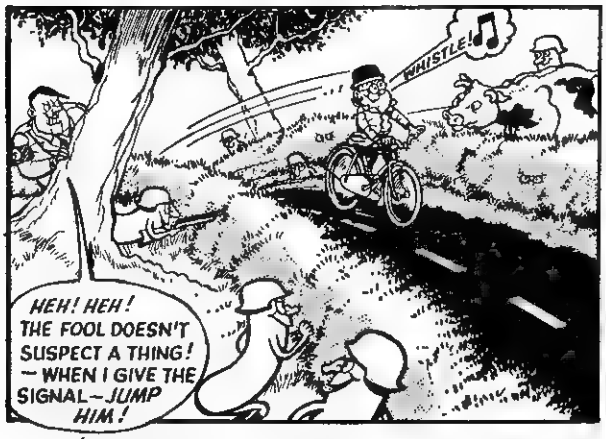

JUST GET THIS LOT MIXED THEN I'LL POP OFF FOR A CUP OF TEA AND A RHUBARB AND SPAGHETTI BUTTIE!

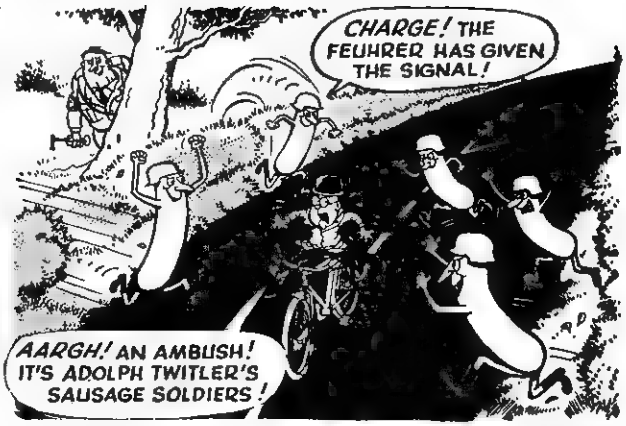
WHAT'S THIS THEN?
PLOP!

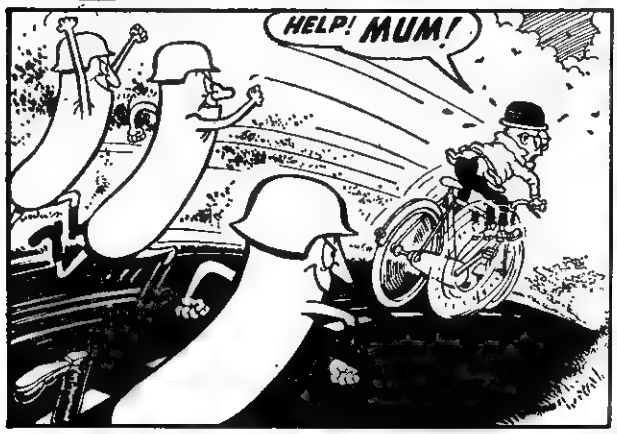

WELL, I'LL BE BLOWED— THERE'S A CRAZY, MIXED UP KID FOR YOU!
YEAH! MIXED UP IN CEMENT!

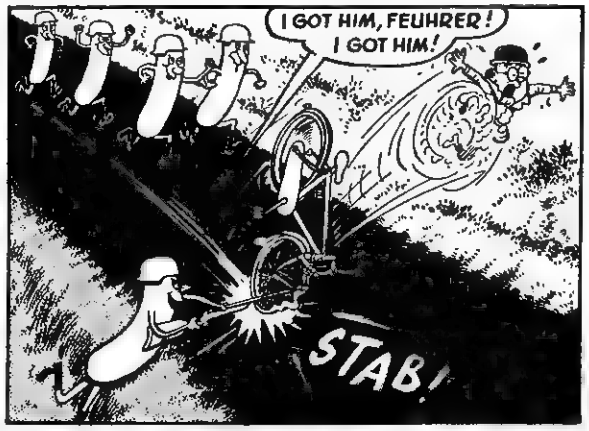
BAH! WHAT A WAY TO SPEND ME TEA BREAK—PUSHING THIS LITTLE STIFF HOME!
HEH! HEH! LIKE I SAID—PENNY'S A LITTLE STIFF!
COO! YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT, BILLY SMITH!
GRR! FUME! DON'T WORRY—HE'LL COME UNSTUCK WHEN I COME UNSTUCK TOMORROW!

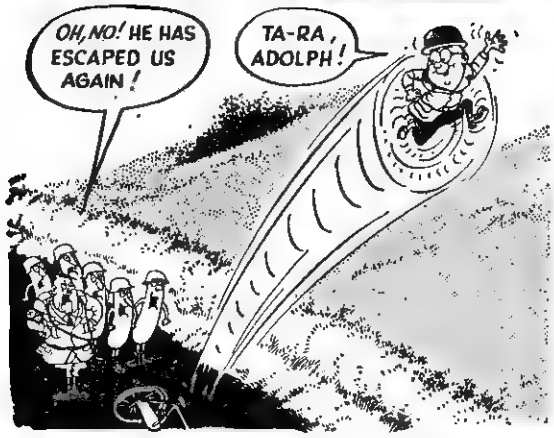
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

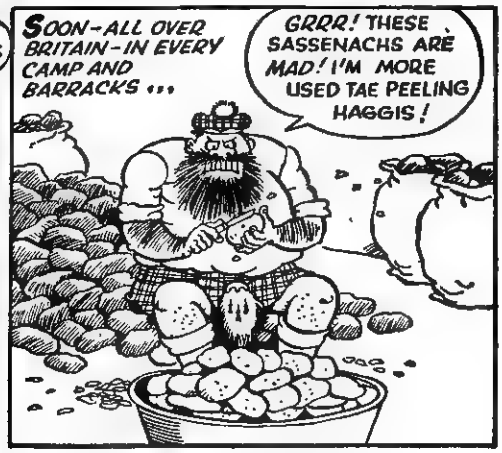


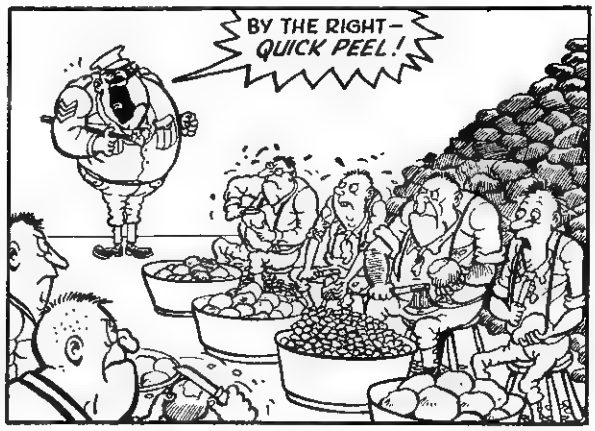


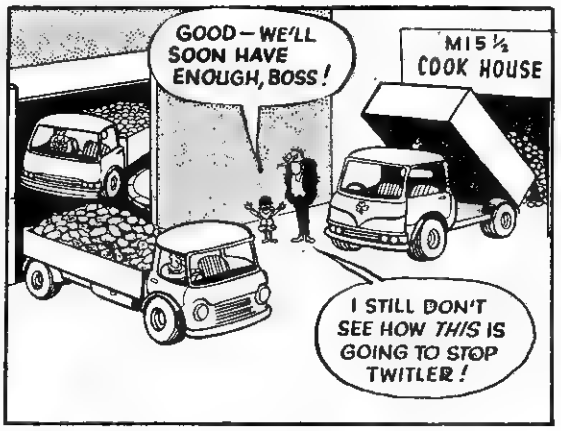


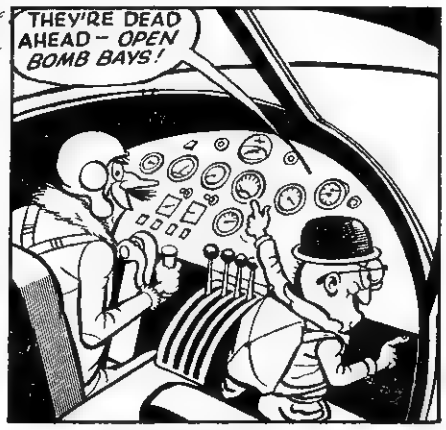


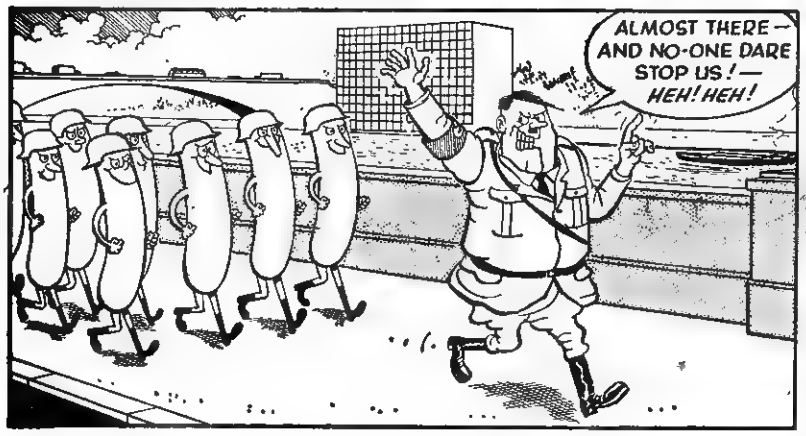


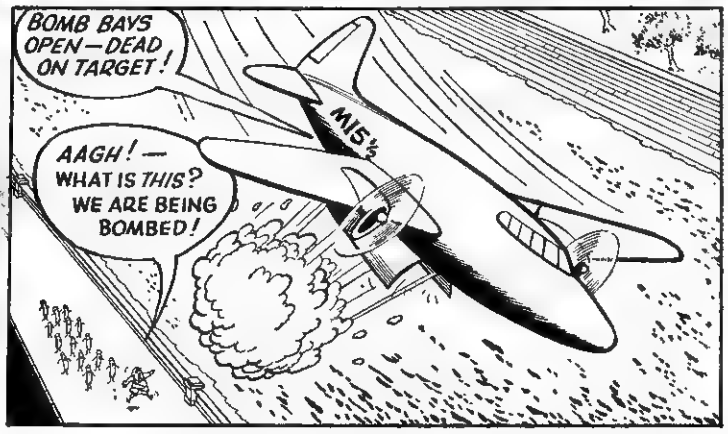


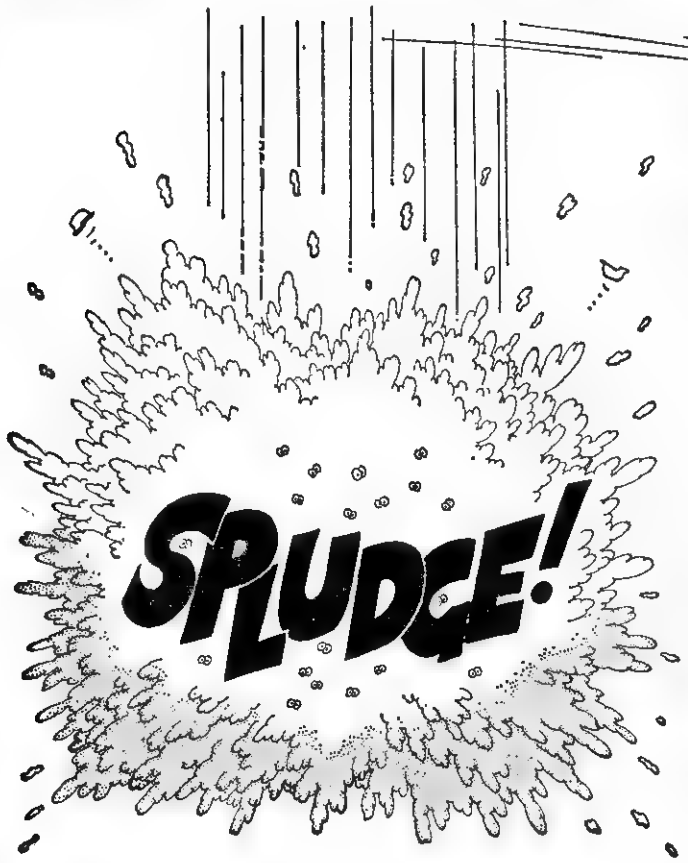


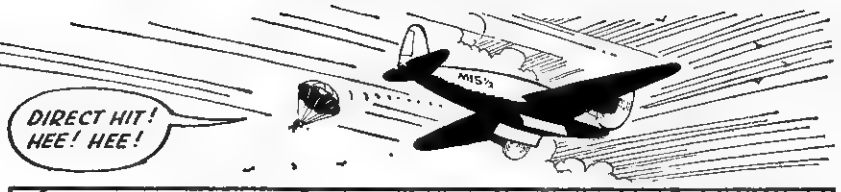


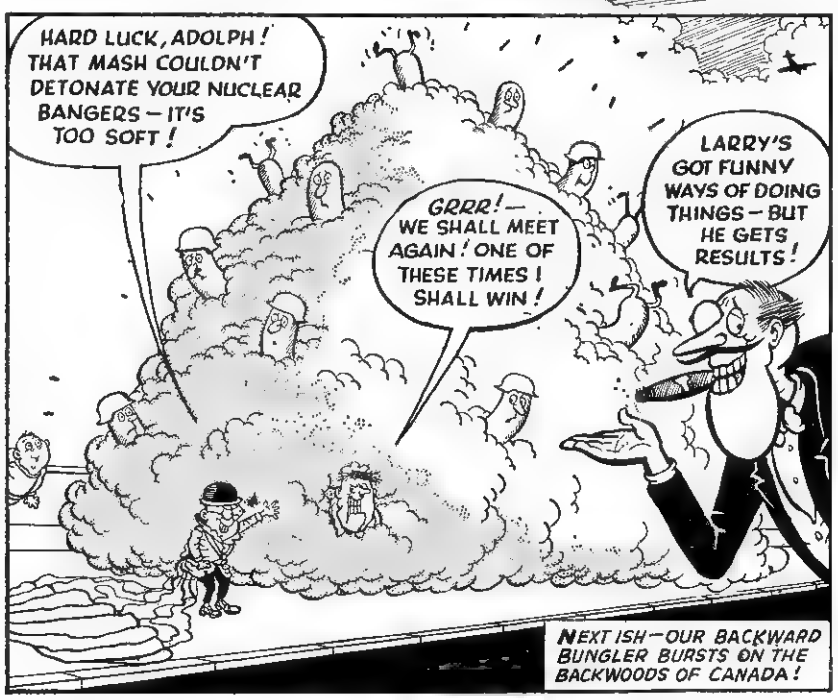












NEXT ISH—OUR BACKWARD BUNGLER BURSTS ON THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA!

BABY SMASHER

MEET . . .

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

THIS is a trick to make your family gasp! Pass round a hat or a fairly deep box and let them have a good look at it . . . inside and out! Now pick up a newspaper lying near you and pull out a sheet. Hold it up, show it back and front, then screw it up into a ball. Take the hat, drop the ball in, put the hat on a table, then put both hands in and start to tear . . . Rip . . . Rip . . . Rip!

And then . . . bit by bit . . . you pull from the hat . . . A BRIGHT COLOURED HANDKERCHIEF!

How is it done? Easy . . .

That paper was fake! Because what you had already done was to lay the handkerchief flat between two sheets of newspaper, then lightly gum the edges of the paper together. When you dropped the screwed-up ball in the hat, all you had to do was tear the paper—and pull the handkerchief out through the rip!

DID YOU KNOW?

What is worse than hailing cats and dogs?

What gets wetter as it dries?

Who was the oldest settler in the west?

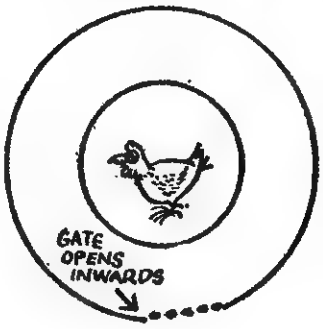
YOU DO NOW!

Hailing taxis; A towel; The sun.

CHALLENGE!

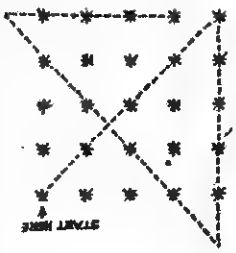
A fox had been preying on local farms and it defied all efforts to catch it. Then one bright farmer built this very simple trap out of two circular fences about 6ft. high, and placed a chicken in the middle as the bait.

Can you see how it worked to catch the raider? (Answer next week.)



Using four straight and continuous lines, and without taking your pencil off the paper, link seventeen of these stars together. Easy? Try it yourself and see.

ANSWER



Ever made custard models? They are dead easy—and if you don't like them, you can always eat them!

All you need is some custard powder and water . . . Mix the water into the powder to make a very thick paste and you'll find you can model it just like plasticine. The only difference is that when it dries, it sets as hard as stone. This leaves you with three choices . . . to KEEP your model; EAT it—or crush it up, add some more water, and USE IT AGAIN!

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CHALLENGE . . .

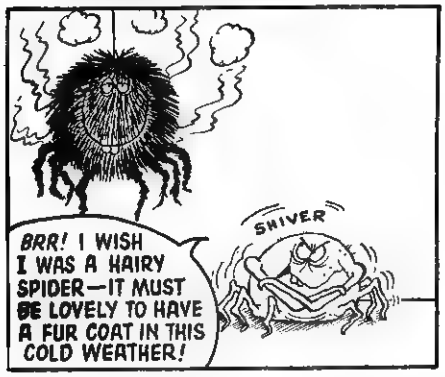
I asked you to tear two strips almost to the bottom of a piece of paper—then, holding one outside piece in either hand, you had to tear them both right away from the middle piece. Don't worry if you couldn't . . . IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

£1 for Knowalls

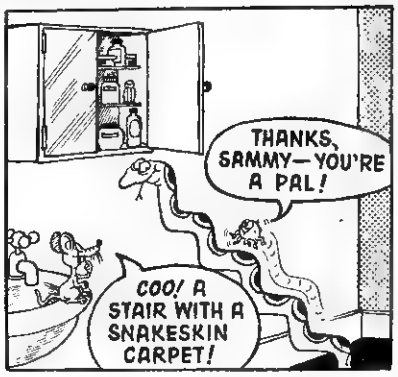
Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

TO: MR. KNOWALL, 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Percy's Pets


BRR! I WISH I WAS A HAIRY SPIDER—IT MUST BE LOVELY TO HAVE A FUR COAT IN THIS COLD WEATHER!
SHIVER

I TH-THINK I'LL POP OFF AND HAVE A D-D-DIP IN PERCY'S DAD'S HAIR RESTORER!


THANKS, SAMMY—YOU'RE A PAL!
COO! A STAIR WITH A SNAKESKIN CARPET!

THAT LITTLE TWERP'S AFTER DAD'S HAIR RESTORER AGAIN! I'LL HAVE TO STOP HIM—IT'S ALWAYS ME WHO GETS THE BLAME!

YAHOO! IN WE GO—ONE FUR COAT COMING UP!
BOING-G!
TALCUM POWDER
HAIR RESTORER

OH NO YOU DON'T—YOU TWERPS CAUSE ME ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS!
HAIR RESTORER
SPLAT!
WAA-RAH! WHO PULLED THE PLUG OUT OF THE POOL?

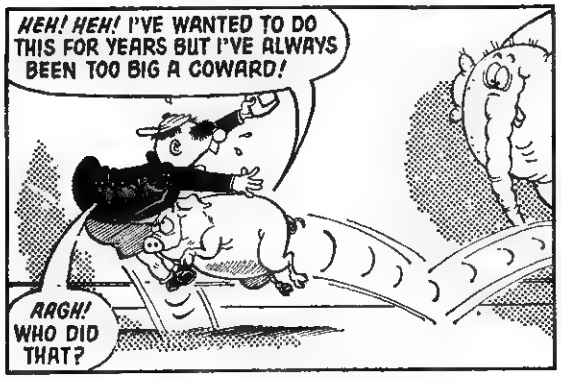
GRR! LET'S GET THAT JAR BACK FROM GREEDY, OLD PERCY!
YEAH! ALL FREDDIE WANTED WAS A FUR COAT!
ZOOM!
HELP! HELP! DON'T YOU LOT KNOW WHEN YOU'RE BEATEN!

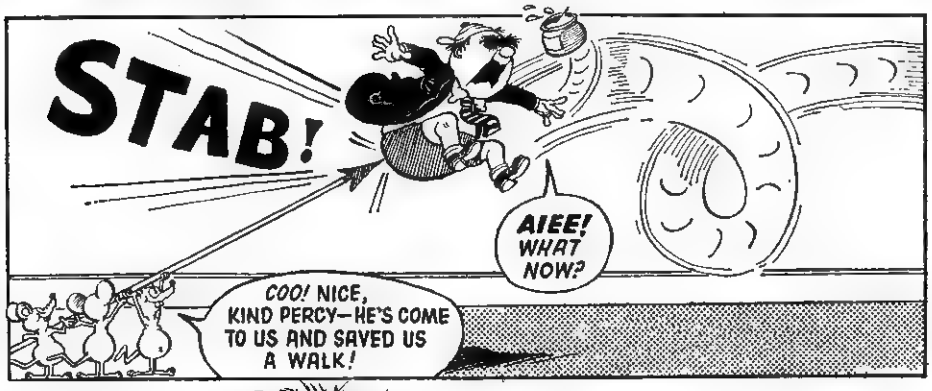
OH, HECK! I'VE SLOSHED SOME OUT OF THE JAR!
SPLOSH!

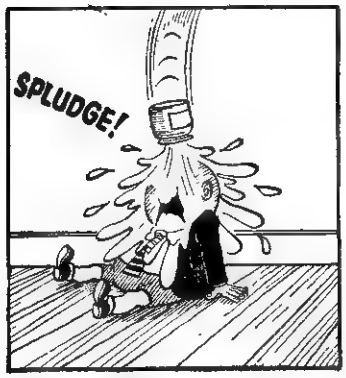
HEH! HEH! THIS COULD BE FUN—THAT HAIR RESTORER IS MAKING PERCY'S EYEBROWS GROW LIKE MAD!

ARGH! WHAT HAPPENED? I CAN'T SEE A THING! I'VE GONE BLIND!

CAN'T SEE, EH? THEN HE WON'T KNOW WHO HIT HIM! SNIGGER!

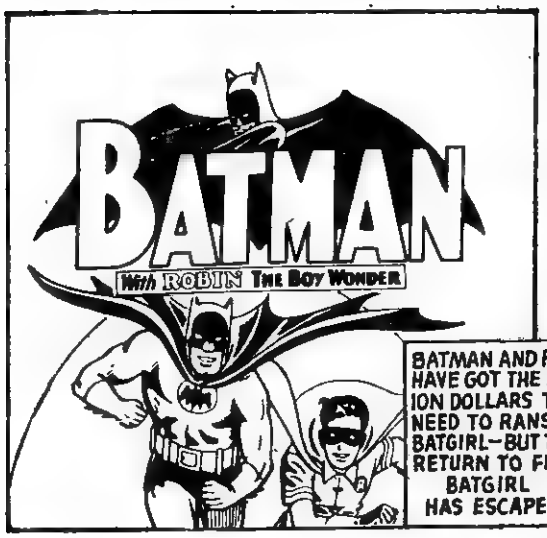

HEH! HEH! I'VE WANTED TO DO THIS FOR YEARS BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN TOO BIG A COWARD!
ARGH! WHO DID THAT?


STAB!
AIEE! WHAT NOW?
COO! NICE, KIND PERCY—HE'S COME TO US AND SAVED US A WALK!


SPLUDGE!

I'VE GOT A SMASHING FUR COAT NOW—THANKS TO PERCY!

HE'S GIVING US ALL FUR COATS! HO! HO!
SNIP!
GRR! HURRY UP, YOU TWERPS—IT'LL TAKE ALL YEAR AT THIS RATE!


BATMAN
With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER
BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE GOT THE MILLION DOLLARS THEY NEED TO RANSOM BATGIRL—BUT THEY RETURN TO FIND BATGIRL HAS ESCAPED!

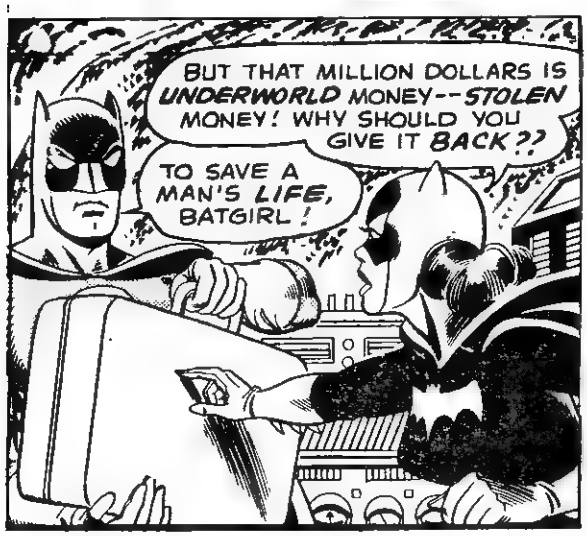
EVEN THOUGH WE GOT THE RANSOM MONEY, BATGIRL—IT'S A GOOD THING YOU ESCAPED FROM THOSE CROOKS!

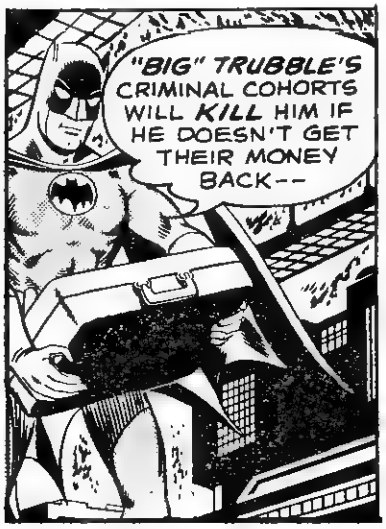
YOU MEAN--THEY MIGHTN'T HAVE FREED ME EVEN IF YOU PAID THEM THE MONEY??
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN!
YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!
© 1967 National Periodical Publications, Inc.

NOW TO CALL "BIG" TRUBBLE AND ARRANGE TO TURN OVER THE MONEY!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BATMAN!

YOU PLAN TO GIVE THAT CROOK A MILLION DOLLARS IN RANSOM MONEY EVEN THOUGH I'VE ESCAPED??
NATURALLY...
Distributed by The Leader News Inc.

IT WAS HIS MONEY TO START WITH, AFTER ALL. WE CAN'T VERY WELL KEEP IT!
IT WOULDN'T BE HONEST!
I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO CRAZY!


BUT THAT MILLION DOLLARS IS UNDERWORLD MONEY--STOLEN MONEY! WHY SHOULD YOU GIVE IT BACK??
TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE, BATGIRL!

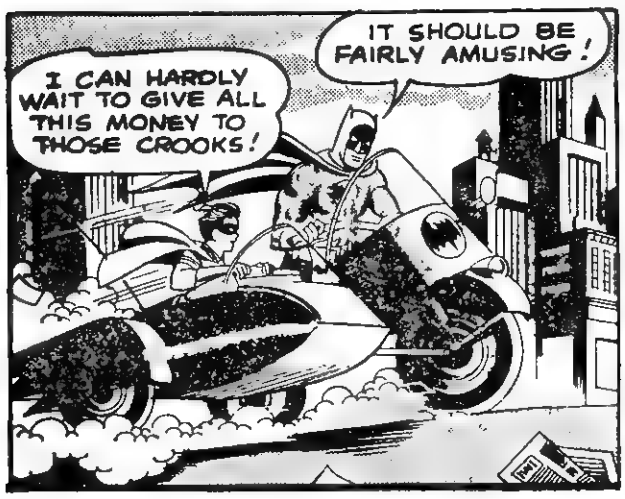

"BIG" TRUBBLE'S CRIMINAL COHORTS WILL KILL HIM IF HE DOESN'T GET THEIR MONEY BACK--

--AND WE CAN'T LET A GUY GET MURDERED EVEN IF HE IS A BIG CROOK!
WELL--CAN WE?
I--I SUPPOSE NOT!

TIME'S RUN OUT, "BIG"...
WE'RE TAKIN' YOU FOR A RIDE!
PLEASE, BOYS! BATMAN WILL BRING THE DOUGH! HONEST!
IN THE OFFICE OF UNDERWORLD PAYMASTER B.G. (BIG) TRUBBLE...

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BOSS, BUT BATMAN IS ON THE PHONE!

THAT'S RIGHT--YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS! I'LL WANT YOU ALL TO SIGN A RECEIPT FOR THE MONEY!


I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GIVE ALL THIS MONEY TO THOSE CROOKS!
IT SHOULD BE FAIRLY AMUSING!

ACCORDING TO PLAN, THE REST OF OUR TEAM SHOULD BE EXACTLY TWO MINUTES BEHIND US!
THEY'LL BE HERE, ALL RIGHT!

OKAY, CHUM-- LET'S GO TO THE SURPRISE PARTY!

MEANWHILE, "BLUE MAX" RETURNS TO GOTHAM CITY BY "CHARTERED" PLANE...
ACME AIR FREIGHT
HUMILIATING TO HAVE TO COME BACK AS A STOWAWAY!

NOW TO FIND SOMEBODY TO HELP ME GET REVENGE ON BATMAN! SOMEBODY VICIOUS, BUT NOT TOO SMART --

-- SOMEBODY LIKE "PRETTY BOY" FLOY!

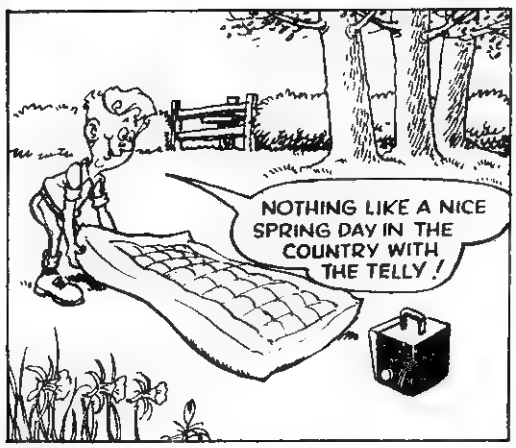
I DON'T GET IT, ALFRED! BATMAN SEEMED SO PLEASED ABOUT GIVING ALL THAT MONEY TO THOSE CROOKS!
BOB KANE
I BELIEVE HE HAD SOMETHING RATHER AMUSING IN MIND FOR THE SCOUNDRELS, MISS BATGIRL--

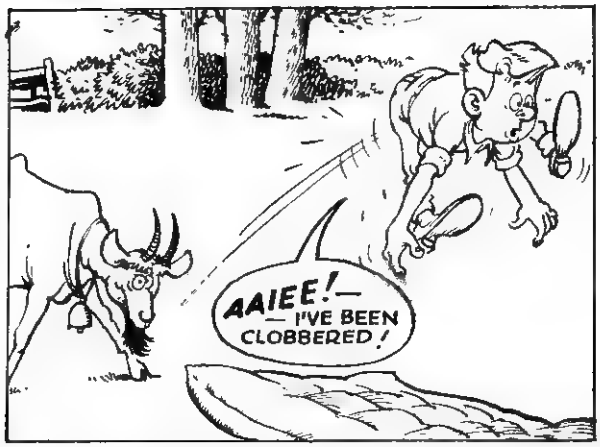
WHAT SORT OF THING?

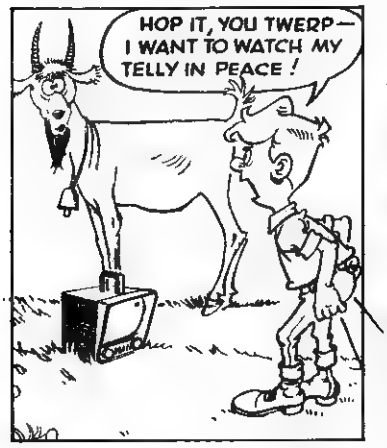
--A BIT OF A SURPRISE PARTY, SO TO SPEAK!
BATMAN AND ROBIN PAY A MIDNIGHT CALL ON "BIG" TRUBBLE AND HIS CRIMINAL COHORTS...
I BELIEVE YOU CLAIM THIS IS YOUR MONEY, GENTLEMEN?
YOU BET IT IS!
...EVERY DOLLAR OF IT!
...AND THERE'S A MILLION OF 'EM!
NEXT ISH: THE DOUBLE-CRO$$!

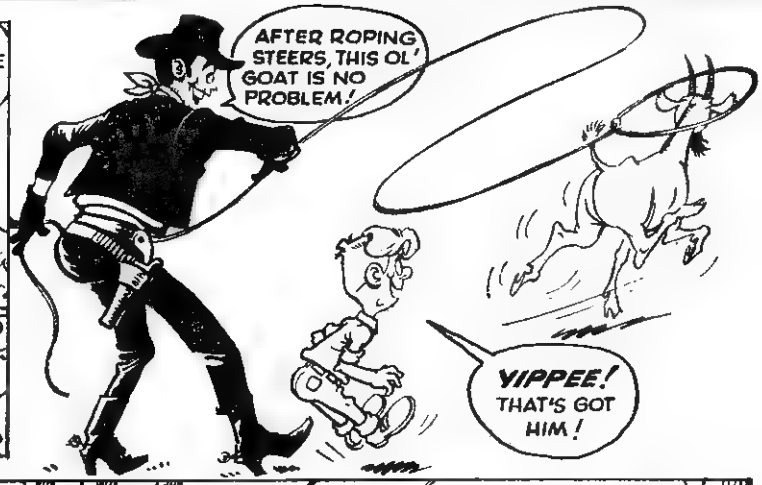
Charlie's Choice

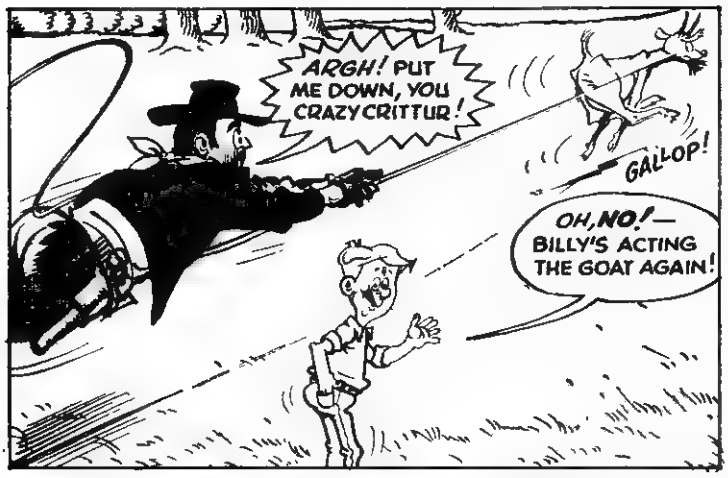
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

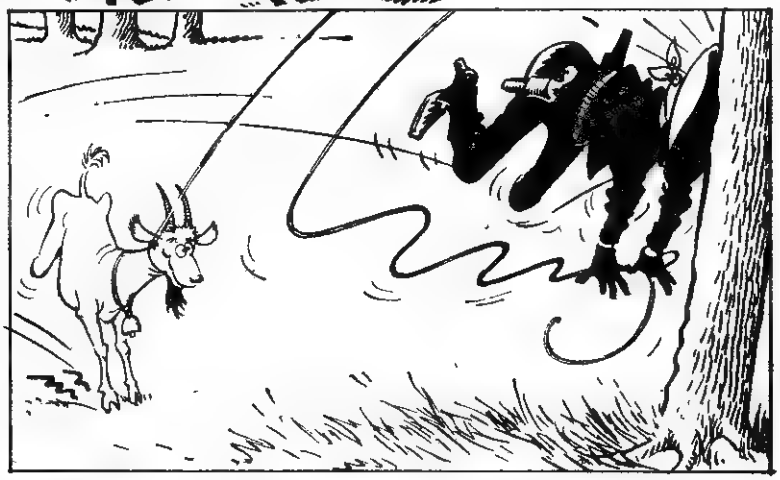


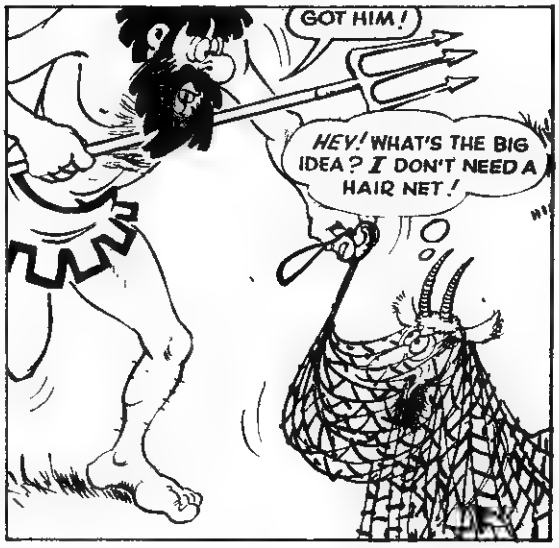








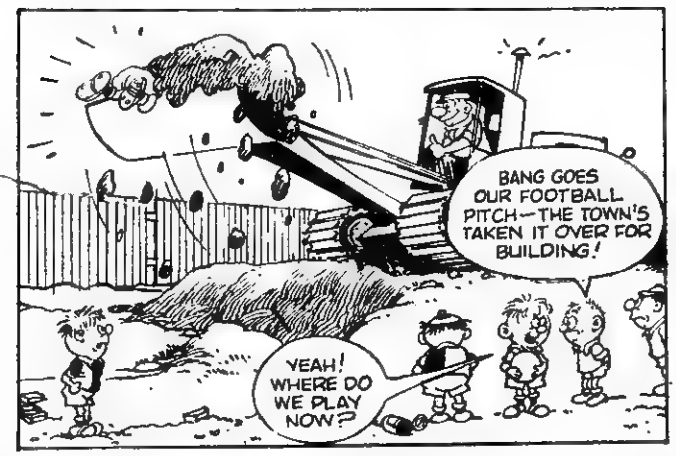


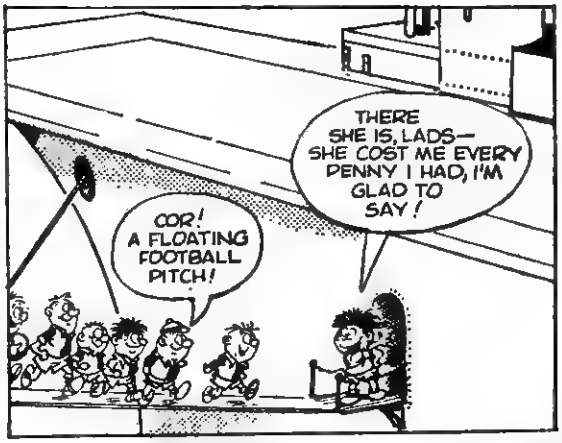


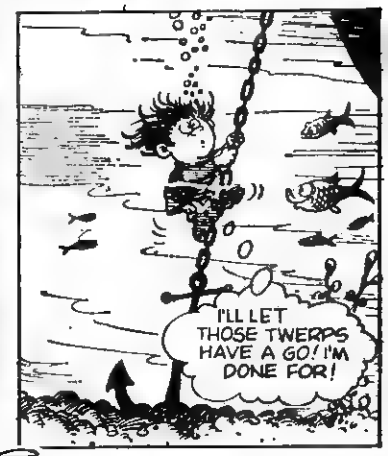
GREAT GALLOPING GLADIATORS! THE LIONS IN THE ARENA NEVER EAT THE NET!
GOATS WILL EAT ANYTHING! —GULP!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
HEH! HEH! — THAT STRINGY STUFF WAS DELICIOUS — GO BACK IN AND GET SOME MORE!
I'M NOT GOING BACK OUT THERE — I'LL STICK TO LIONS IN FUTURE!
BAH! I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET ANY HELP FROM THE OTHER CHANNEL!
THEY NEVER LEARN, DO THEY?
WHAT NOW?—I'M STUCK UP HERE!
COWARD! HE'S SCARED TO COME DOWN!
I CAN JUST REACH THE KNOB WITH THIS BRANCH!
DOES SOMEBODY WANT TROUBLE?
OH—YOU DO, DO YOU!!
B-B-BUT—
I WAS HAVING A NICE KIP IN THERE TILL YOU CHANGED CHANNELS!
I'LL GIVE YOU BUT—
—BUTT LIKE THIS!
WAA-AAH!
AND DON'T COME BACK!
HOP IT, BILLY—OR I'LL WAKE UP OLAF AGAIN!
BA-AAH! BEATEN BY A BLINKIN' HUMAN GOAT!

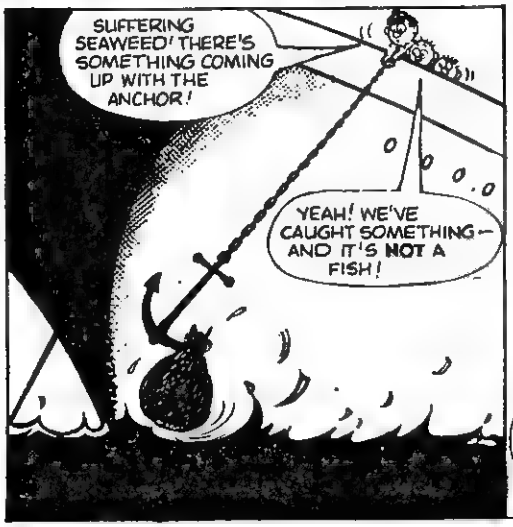
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

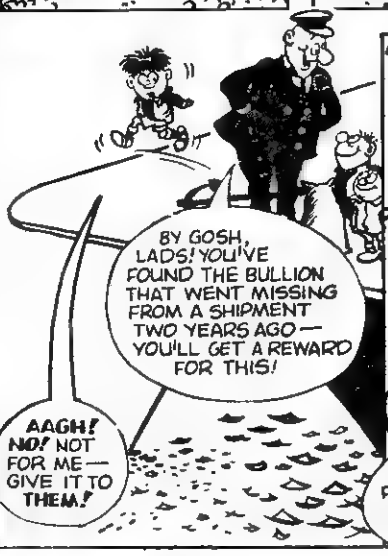
RONNIE RICH











SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
I thought your comic was supposed to be modern! If it is, why on earth do you always put that horrible teacher in with a cane? You should know that canes went out with the brontosaurus!
Lynne Clark,
Leicester.

We've never said we're modern, Lynne! But what we have said is that we're IN FRONT of the times!!! As for the old-fashioned teacher with the cane—well, it all depends where you go to school. We reckon there are still too many of them around.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think I have found a mistake in SMASH 107. It is in Daredevil. When Maa-gor enters the cave Daredevil says that it doesn't sound like Ka-zar's sabre-tooth tiger. Well, how did he know that Ka-zar had a sabre-tooth tiger? It could have been any tiger.
Alan Wright,
Kettering, Northants.

Ol' D.D. had already met Ka-zar's tiger in the previous ish! Did you miss it?
Alf and Cos.

Dear Smash,
I thought it would make a change to address you in a different way! In SMASH 98, Chief O'Hara said: "Nothing left, commissioner! Nothing even the size of a PENNY!" Later in the strip Blue Max was talking about the million DOLLAR reward! Well, Alf and Cos, please make up your mind which currency you're going to use!
Barry Daniels,
Derbyshire.

IT'S INFORMATION TIME!!!... Apart from being British currency a penny is also American coinage! It's another word for a cent! See? You learn all the time with Power!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
You've boobed again! In SMASH 108 in the Swots and Blots where Bernie Blot dresses up as a St. Bernard dog and hits a Swot with a bone, he lifts his paw up, but still has four on the ground! I've never heard of a five-pawed St. Bernard!
L. Dresh,
Aylesbury, Bucks.

Nor have we, L.D. Which all goes to prove those Blots are not so stupid. Bernie had a St. Bernard with a spare (retractable) paw for sneaky Swot swiping.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Please take Brian's Brain out of SMASH and make Daredevil longer. It's a great story, so if possible make it ten pages!...
Raymond Eve,
London, E.5.

Dear Alf and Cos,
...I think all Power Comics are great, but please make Daredevil shorter. Please oblige!
Elaine Pitts,
London, E.18.

Boy! We're in trouble again! So for the time being we'll leave Daredevil about the same length!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Last summer all our family went fishing in our boat. We were doing well and had caught a lot of plaice. Suddenly Uncle Colin's ratchet started to click. As he wound in his fish, which was quite big, his line parted and he lost it and his trace. About an hour later Auntie Dee had something on her line. The fish came up like a ton of bricks. When it was boated it turned out she had landed two fish, one boot, Uncle Colin's trace and his weight! Quite a fishy story, eh?
Nicholas Martin,
Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex.

Get any soles and 'eels with the boot, Nick?
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I am writing to say that in the Swots and Blots, the Swots are supposed to be polite. Well, why do they keep their caps on in a room? I have always been taught that it is polite for a boy to take off a hat or cap when entering a room.
Maria Dixon,
Liverpool.

And so it is, Maria. So, hats off to you for spotting it! Truth is that they daren't take off their caps in case the Blots scalp them! P.S.: Do you blame ol' Teach for carrying a cane?
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
You're under arrest! Alf and Cos do you plead guilty or not guilty of not putting Grimly Feendish in SMASH 108? Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, do you think Alf and Cos are guilty or not guilty? "GUILTY! GUILTY! GUILTY!" Then the fine is £1.
Steve Welsh,
Gloucester.

Now that's a fine way to treat two hard-working, lovable lads who try to please all the time, Steve! But having no case, the pound's on the way.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Why don't you make Rubberman T-shirts? If you did you could give them away with every letter printed instead of a pound. I'm sure Rubberman is a very popular strip with most of your readers, so I'm sure they'll be pleased to get a Rubberman T-shirt! After all, you can get £1 anywhere! —But not a Rubberman T-shirt... they're unique!
Peter Nunn,
Halesworth, Suffolk.

Just tell us this "anywhere" we can always get a pound, Pete, and we could begin to afford to give away Rubberman T-Shirts!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I am writing to ask you when you'll start a football story in SMASH. When you do a lot of boys I know who don't read SMASH at the moment will start. You must realise that football is a very popular sport with most boys, so apart from playing it they also want to read about it. I don't say that it should only have a football story, maybe one week make it about cricket then the next week about rugby, and so on.
Leslie Wilson,
Widnes, Lancs.

Not so long ago POW had a football story, Les. So who knows when one might pop up in SMASH! We're not saying anything for certain at the moment except keep reading!
Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature in Smash is .....

My second favourite feature in Smash is .....

Send the coupon with your letters to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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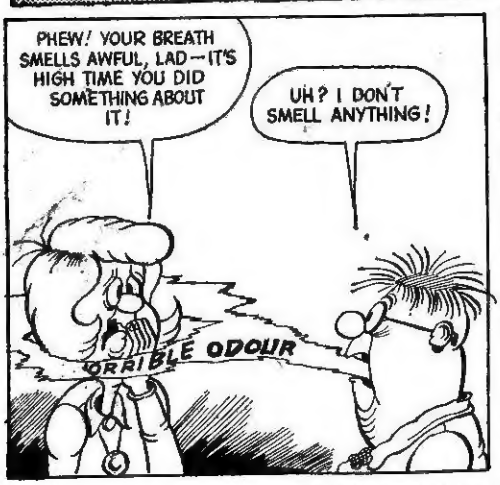
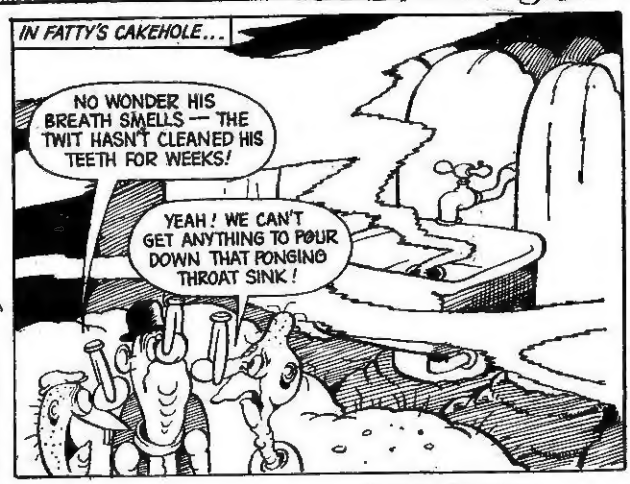
IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

HERE IT IS—THE FIRST FANTASTIC CHAPTER OF RUBBERMAN'S MOST FANTASTIC ADVENTURE—EVER!

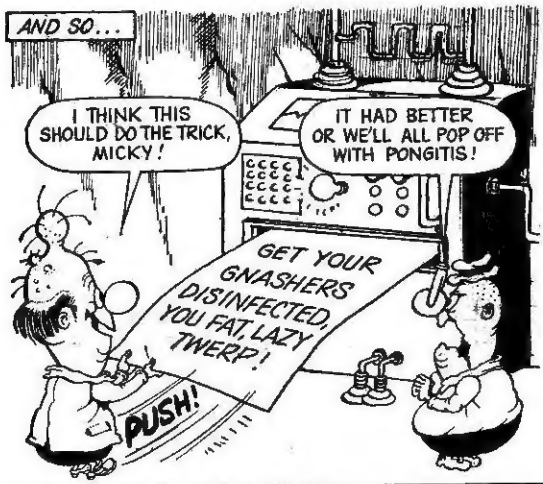
I, WHO KNOW MANY THINGS, AM A MASTER OF THIS ART! AND AS A REWARD FOR ENDEAVOURING TO HELP AN OLD MAN... I SHALL TEACH YOU ALL I KNOW!
...IT WILL TAKE MONTHS TO ACQUAINT YOU WITH THIS SKILL—BUT WHEN THAT TIME IS DONE—YOU WILL HAVE A POWER SUCH AS NO OTHER LIVING MAN BUT I POSSESSES!
AND NOW, BACK TO THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE...IN TIME TO WITNESS THE HIGH POINT OF THE PERFORMANCE...
WHO... WHO ARE YOU?
ENOUGH OF THESE CHILDISH PRANKS YOU HAVE BEEN WITNESSING. NOW I, MESMO, SHALL TAKE OVER!
?!
LOOK AT ME, MY SUBJECTS GAZE AT MY FEATURES...
AT MY EYES!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? I FEEL...KIND OF FUNNY!
SAM... I CAN SMELL... BURNING!
AN INSTANT LATER...
THE PLACE IS ON FIRE! IT'S GOING UP LIKE A BONFIRE!
MAKE FOR THE EXITS!
PANIC SPREADS SWIFTLY...
FIRE! OUT! GET OUT!
HOW DID IT START? HOW?
SECONDS PASS. THE THEATRE IS EMPTY OF AUDIENCE AND FLAME...
THE GREATEST FEAT OF MASS MIND-ILLUSION EVER PERFORMED. BUT THOSE FOOLS DON'T KNOW IT...
...EVEN NOW THEY RUSH INTO THE STREET... FROM WHAT I MADE THEM THINK WAS A BLAZING INFERNO!
...LEAVING THE ENTIRE THEATRE AT MY DISPOSAL! IN ONE HOUR THE MESMORIZING SPELL WILL HAVE DISSIPATED... BUT MESMO SHALL BE GONE!
LATER, RUBBERMAN AND SAM FACE THE IRATE THEATRE MANAGER...
DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN IT! I'VE JUST BEEN INSIDE...NOT EVEN A TRACE OF FIRE!
...AND NOT A TRACE OF THE WEEK'S TAKINGS, EITHER!
AND FOR RUBBERMAN AND SAM A NEW ADVENTURE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...
YOU CALL YOURSELVES PRIVATE DETECTIVES. THEN FIND THAT MESMO CHARACTER, YOU HEAR?
NO SIGN OF SMOKE SOOT! THIS GETS CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER!
CONSIDER US HIRED, MY GOOD SIR! AND CONSIDER THE CASE AS GOOD AS SOLVED!
ALHAMBRA
SOLVED...OR JUST ABOUT TO START? IT'S ALL ACTION NEXT ISH! AND THAT'S A PROMISE!

THE NERVS


PHEW! YOUR BREATH SMELLS AWFUL, LAD—IT'S HIGH TIME YOU DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
UH? I DON'T SMELL ANYTHING!
ORRIBLE ODOUR

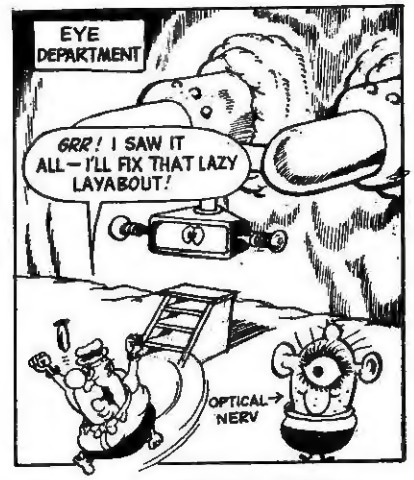

IN FATTY'S CAKEHOLE...
NO WONDER HIS BREATH SMELLS — THE TWIT HASN'T CLEANED HIS TEETH FOR WEEKS!
YEAH! WE CAN'T GET ANYTHING TO POUR DOWN THAT PONGING THROAT SINK!

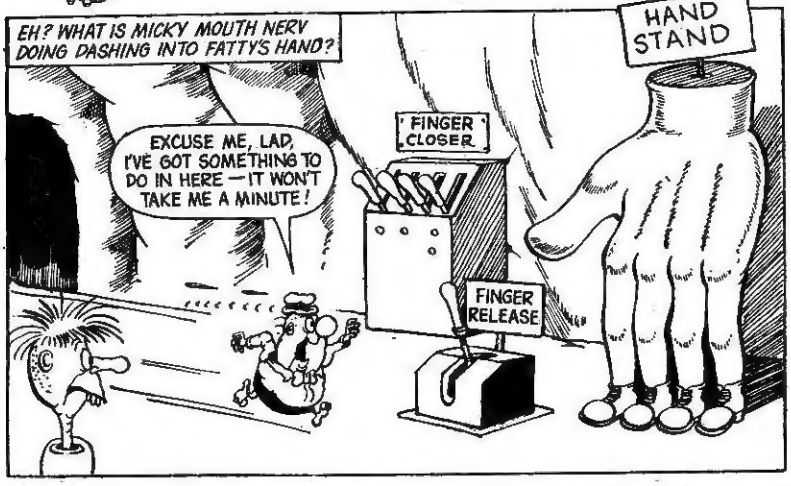
IT'S HIGH TIME THAT FAT TWERP GOT THE MESSAGE—I'LL GET THE BRAIN NERVES TO TELL HIM TO CLEAN HIS BLINKING TEETH!
TO BRAIN DEPARTMENT
ZOOM!


AND SO...
I THINK THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK, MICKY!
IT HAD BETTER OR WE'LL ALL POP OFF WITH PONGITIS!
GET YOUR GNASHERS DISINFECTED, YOU FAT, LAZY TWERP!
PUSH!

GET YOUR GNASHERS DISINFECTED, YOU FAT, LAZY TWERP!

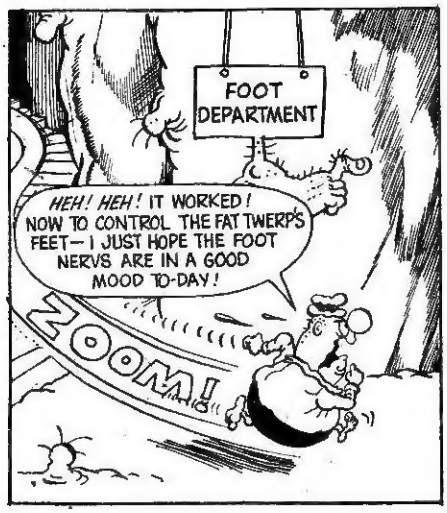
I CAN'T—THERE IS HARDLY ANY TOOTHPASTE LEFT! AND IT'S TOO MUCH TROUBLE TO SQUEEZE THE TUBE! HEH! HEH!


EYE DEPARTMENT
GRR! I SAW IT ALL—I'LL FIX THAT LAZY LAYABOUT!
OPTICAL NERV

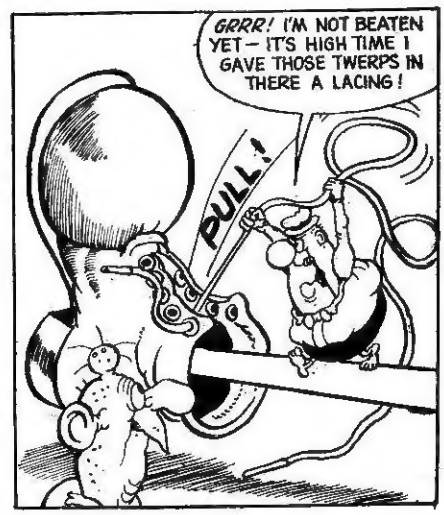

EH? WHAT IS MICKY MOUTH NERV DOING DASHING INTO FATTY'S HAND?
EXCUSE ME, LAD, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO IN HERE—IT WON'T TAKE ME A MINUTE!
FINGER CLOSER
FINGER RELEASE
HAND STAND

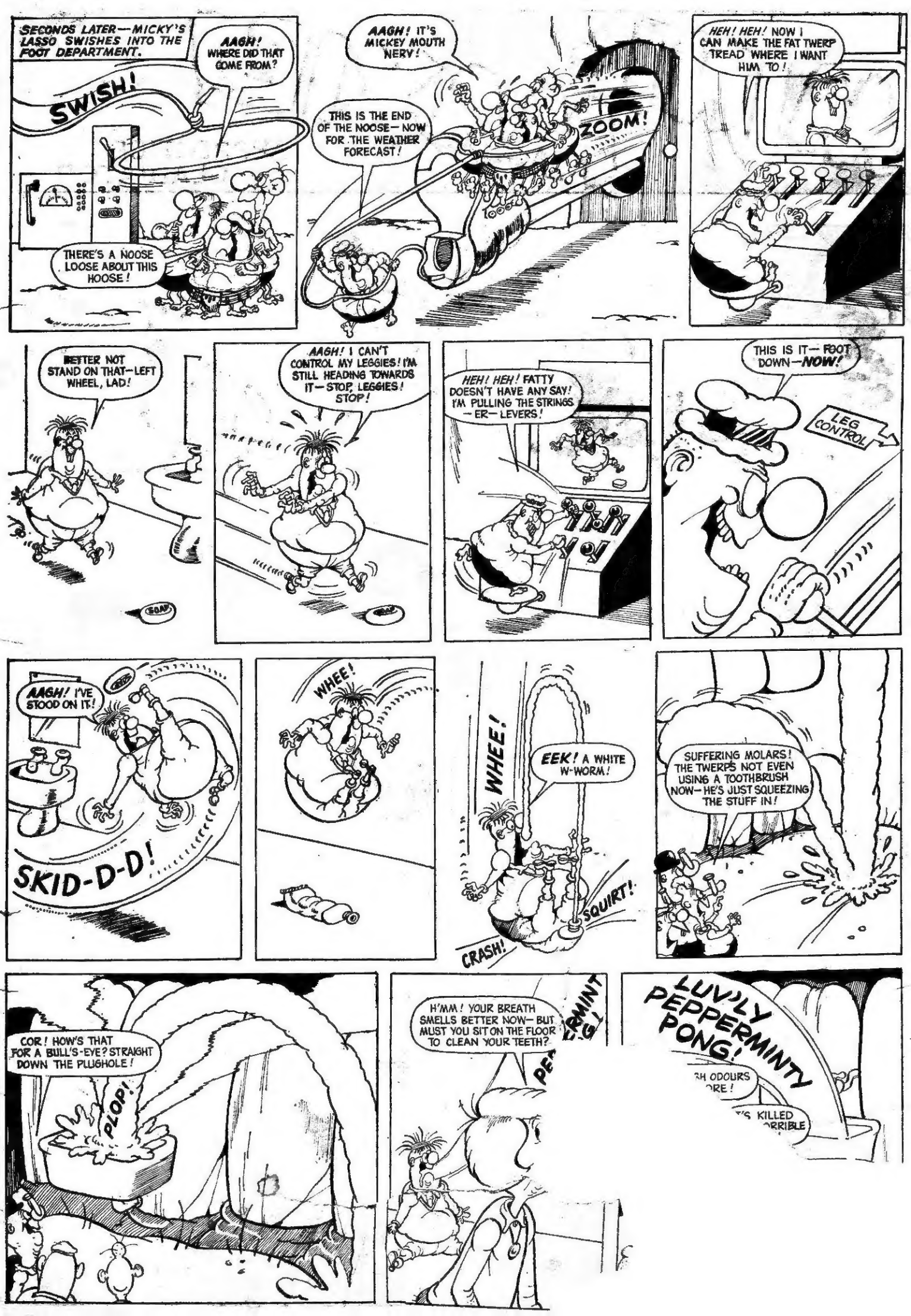
HEH! HEH! THE FIRST PART OF MY PLAN GOES INTO OPERATION!
DON'T KNOW WHAT THE UNION WILL SAY ABOUT THIS—THAT'S WE HAND NERVS JOB YOU KNOW!
RELEASE

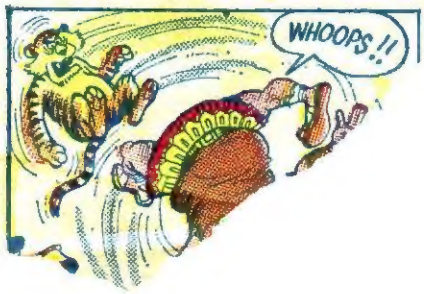
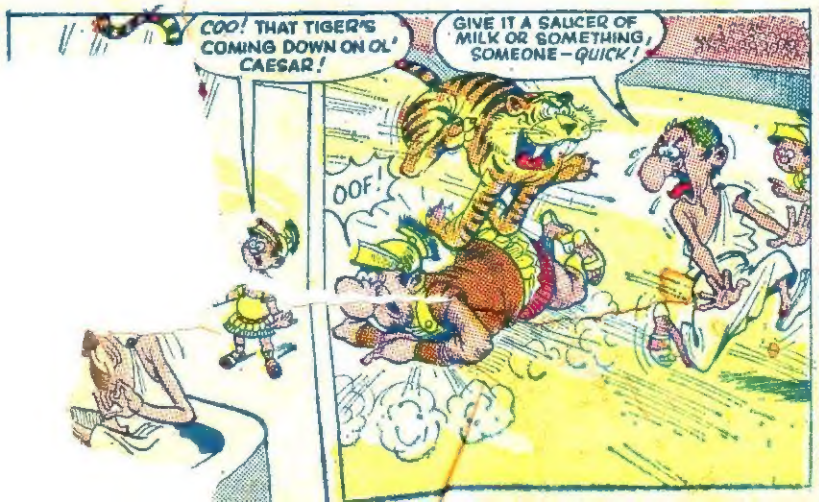
TCH! TCH! I'VE DROPPED IT! WELL, IT'LL HAVE TO STAY THERE—IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN TO BEND—TOO FAR FOR ME!


FOOT DEPARTMENT
HEH! HEH! IT WORKED! NOW TO CONTROL THE FAT TWERP'S FEET—I JUST HOPE THE FOOT NERVS ARE IN A GOOD MOOD TO-DAY!
ZOOM!

THEY'RE NOT!!!
VISITORS UNWELCOME
THUD!
FOOT FUG!
GHASTLY PONG!
AAGH! DON'T BE ROTTEN, LAD! I ONLY WANT TO DEPONG HIS CAKEHOLE!
WE'VE GOT TO PUT UP WIV' THE SMELL IN HERE—SO YOU'LL HAVE TO, TOO!
FOOTMAN


GRRR! I'M NOT BEATEN YET—IT'S HIGH TIME I GAVE THOSE TWERPS IN THERE A LACING!
PULL!


SECONDS LATER—MICKY'S LASSO SWISHES INTO THE FOOT DEPARTMENT.
SWISH!
AAGH! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
THERE'S A NOOSE LOOSE ABOUT THIS HOOSE!
AAGH! IT'S MICKEY MOUTH NERY!
THIS IS THE END OF THE NOOSE— NOW FOR THE WEATHER FORECAST!
ZOOM!
HEH! HEH! NOW I CAN MAKE THE FAT TWERP TREAD WHERE I WANT HIM TO!
BETTER NOT STAND ON THAT—LEFT WHEEL, LAD!
SOAP
AAGH! I CAN'T CONTROL MY LEGGIES! I'M STILL HEADING TOWARDS IT—STOP, LEGGIES! STOP!
HEH! HEH! FATTY DOESN'T HAVE ANY SAY! I'M PULLING THE STRINGS —ER— LEVERS!
THIS IS IT— FOOT DOWN—NOW!
LEG CONTROL
AAGH! I'VE STOOD ON IT!
SKID-D-D!
WHEE!
WHEE!
EEK! A WHITE W-WORM!
SQUIRT!
CRASH!
SUFFERING MOLARS! THE TWERP'S NOT EVEN USING A TOOTHBRUSH NOW—HE'S JUST SQUEEZING THE STUFF IN!
COR! HOW'S THAT FOR A BULL'S-EYE? STRAIGHT DOWN THE PLUGHOLE!
PLOP!
H'MM! YOUR BREATH SMELLS BETTER NOW—BUT MUST YOU SIT ON THE FLOOR TO CLEAN YOUR TEETH?
LUV'LY PEPPERMINTY PONG!
RH ODOURS ORE!
'S KILLED ORRIBLE

MINI-MAXIE!

APPRENTICE GLADIATOR